

# ★ MOVIE WEEKLY

April 15 ~

1922

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*Charlie Chaplin*  
*A Soul Tragedy*

*They Lived Happily*  
*Ever After*

*Marjorie Daw*

*A Study by*  
*Alfred Cheney Johnston*

E.E.





## Are Motion Pictures Retrograding?

THE New York motion picture public received a shock. A shock instigated by Hugo Riesenfeld, director of the three Broadway houses, Rialto, Rivoli and Criterion, without malice of forethought. It started people to thinking. Are motion pictures retrograding?

Mr. Riesenfeld showed seven of the best pictures made by Famous Players-Lasky during their existence, "The Miracle Man," featuring Betty Compson and Tom Meighan; John Barrymore in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"; Cecil de Mille's "Old Wives For New"; "On With the Dance," with Mae Murray; "Don't Change Your Husband"; "Behold My Wife," and "Male and Female."

Every one of these pictures are top notchers. Most of them even including Cecil de Mille—that musical comedy impresario of the cinema—stand head and shoulders above the majority of the productions released today.

What are producers doing? Retracing covered ground in a hysterical dash for the coveted shekels?

Betty Compson, who made her mark in "The Miracle Man," has had since then only one opportunity to show her real ability: as Babbie in "The Little Minister."

And why? Betty is a big drawing card. Therefore, she must be seen in picture after picture, no matter how frail the story. The misfortune of it is that the producer rarely gives Miss Compson a chance to do herself, or her public, justice. The public goes to see Betty even in weak stories because they appreciate her, but they certainly do not appreciate the system that permits her to waste her beauty and her ability.

John Barrymore, in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," has been more fortunate than other stars in the selection of his screen vehicles. He can afford to be. He signs no long term contract that renders him powerless to dispute the autocratic demands of the producer. He works when a story comes to him worthy of his talents.

In his earlier days as a director, Cecil de Mille was quieter, less fantastical, milder in his presentation of a story. "Male and Female," based on Sir James Barrie's "The

Admirable Crichton," was laughed to scorn by many critics because of its distortion of English aristocracy's behavior.

But think what Mr. de Mille would do today with such a story! He would most likely have the band of shipwrecked men and women excavate on their island, and discover a magnificent city buried thousands of years ago by a volcanic eruption. And the reckless barbarity of the setting would intoxicate the aroused spirits of the curious explorers and, as in a hypnotic trance, they would be themselves transferred back to the days of long ago. You know, reincarnation stuff.

What has happened to Mr. de Mille that he has developed into a hysterical musical comedy presenter of motion pictures? The answer is simple, but its simplicity is complex.

Mr. de Mille became a Paramount featured director, following, we believe, his direction of Geraldine Farrar in "Joan, the Woman." His name commenced to be publicized and plastered heavily around the country. The name—Cecil de Mille—stood for a certain something. At first,

good productions. Then he broadened out and started in with "super-specials"—feverish extravaganzas. And he is now in that peculiar position of trying to outdo himself with each succeeding production. Therefore the hysteria.

But see what Mr. Riesenfeld has done in giving the public the best of the Paramount re-issues. He has raised the issue: "Are producers retracing their steps?"

Don't permit this issue to simmer down, friend reader. Write to the producer; write to "Movie Weekly." Make your voice, united as it should be with the voice of the thousands who comprise the American public, carry a warning:

"Give us our favorite stars in stories worthy of their ability, or we, who make the picture industry possible, will boycott motion picture theatres throughout the country."

This is the logical step to take. Not the floundering, meaningless step of censorship. Better pictures will automatically result in the abolishing of censor howlers. But the public—you and you and you—must demand these better pictures. Start now.

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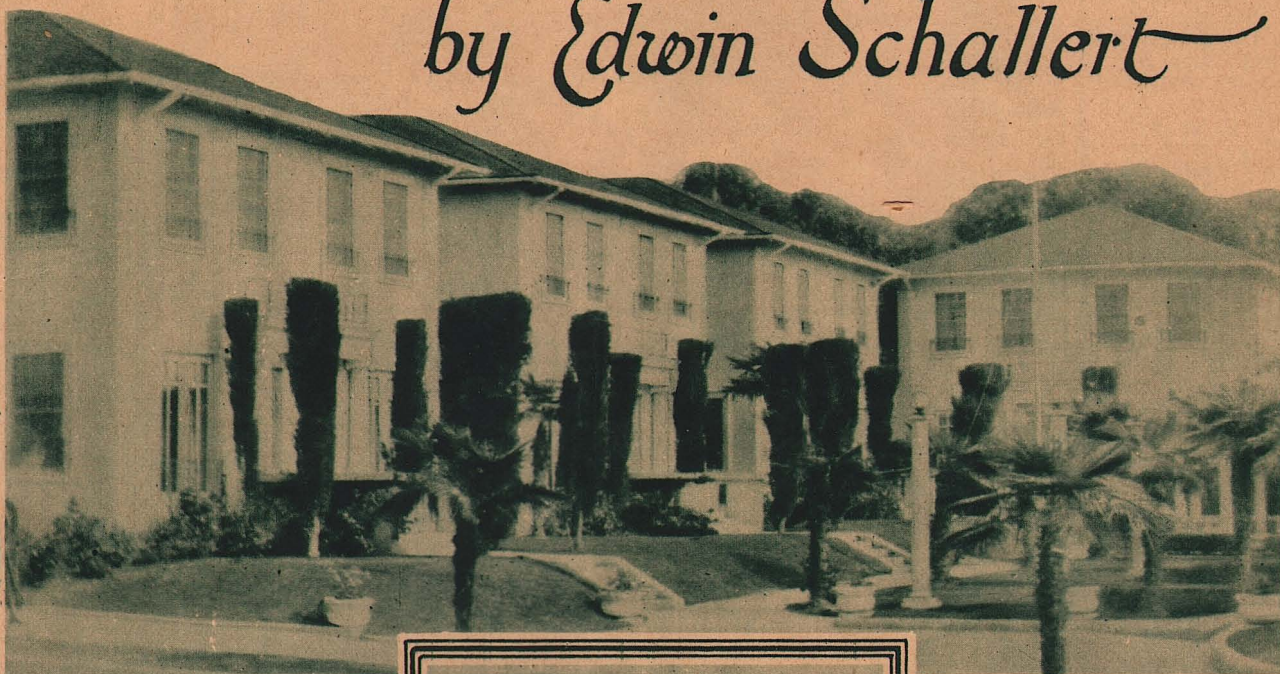
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# -and They Lived Happily Ever After

by Edwin Schallert



IT'S an ill wind that doesn't blow the dead leaves off somebody's sidewalk and save him the trouble of sweeping it. And even the icy blast of disfavor that hit the film colony in the dead of the past winter is not going to be without its recompense. The actual business of picture-making is going to be taken a lot more seriously than ever before.

Just recently I caught the cue from Douglas Fairbanks. He had come back from New York, whither he and Mary went to fight the Wilkenning suit. Perhaps you read of this in the papers. Mrs. Cora Wilkenning, a theatrical agent, sued Mary for fees she alleged to be due on an old Famous Players-Lasky contract, and Mary finally won the suit after it had been twice appealed.

While he was in the East, Doug was constantly under fire concerning what he thought of the Taylor murder and its consequences, and provided no end of copy for his interviewers. In addition, he was asked on various occasions to appear publicly and defend the industry.

"While all this was going on," said Doug, on his return, "I made up my mind that there was one way to defend the pictures, and only one effectual way. I decided that I wasn't going to do any preaching or talking, that I wasn't going to put myself on the witness stand, or become a sort of attorney for the defense. I am convinced that neither I nor my friends require any such propaganda, because we are not criminals and don't intend to be so treated. And so, I settled in my mind once and for all that the best thing that I could possibly do would be to get back to California, quit talking and giving interviews, and set to work and MAKE GOOD PICTURES!"

When he sprang the "make good pictures," Fairbanks brought his fist down on his knee in a way that made you swear he meant it twice over. And while, in his instance, we perhaps do not need to be convinced of his intention, yet what he said represents, I believe, an attitude that is becoming more and more general in Hollywood. Therefore I consider his statement as one of the most significant that I have heard since the day of the Taylor murder.

A terrible slap has really been handed the films. That is now granted by everybody. Even the picture people themselves have admitted it down in their hearts. They may resent the punishment and describe it as wretchedly unfair, but it hurts just the same and it has made them mad. The prejudice against pictures was severe



*Doug and Mary are working so hard on their new pictures they have no time to frivol.*

enough in certain quarters prior to the Taylor murder, and if anything it was gaining rather than losing. But it sprang ahead with a leap as soon as the raconteurs of scandal commenced flashing their gossip across the wires. Moreover, it became more general than ever before.

You know how you, yourself, have felt. You have acquired fondnesses for certain personalities of the screen, have grown to admire and love them. For a long time you never heard anything to make you alter your liking for them, or your notion of the place in which they lived.

Then all of a sudden, you began reading lurid accounts of "wild parties" and "goings-on" out in Hollywood, in which everybody was said to have taken more or less of a part. Naturally it followed that your opinion of some of your favorites began to change. You started to doubt, perhaps, the sincerity of some girlish smile, or the sterling attributes which you thought your hero possessed. The pedestals on which your idols rested were shaken. It couldn't be otherwise. Even if your pet star wasn't mentioned

in the reports, you felt that perhaps he or she might be involved.

How wrong you were, nine cases out of ten. I might say 99 out of 100, you could only determine by a personal visit to the Coast, and by going right into the colony and becoming acquainted with the lives of the majority of people as they are. You would have found that most of what you saw was not lurid or exciting, that, in fact, it did not measure up in any way with the first impressions that came to you in the news you read following the Taylor murder.

I personally have no desire to whitewash facts—to try to make you believe that Hollywood is a sort of spotless town. I don't think that Hollywood, or perhaps any other town, can quite qualify as being spotless.

Hollywood has a reputation for being a rich and prosperous community. The wealth of its great industry has been spread far and wide. Rich towns attract undesirables among others. They came to California in the days of '49, to dig gold; they have come to Hollywood in recent years to dig gold in the modern fashion. Lots of the undesirables who came to California during the gold rush have become upright citizens, just as lots of outcasts from Europe have in times gone by become staunch Americans. Some of the riff-raff that might have been attracted to Hollywood will probably go through a similar evolution.

My own opinion is that you can't regulate these things any more than you can stop the progress of a great industry, be it gold-mining or film-making. It's the fault of every new endeavor that it must go through a certain amount of fire before it can reach its ultimate objective. The test is being applied to Hollywood now, and its ability to withstand that test eventually is unquestioned by those who know the way of the world.

Like many other people, myself included, you have wondered just how the pictures were going to combat their present dangers. You may infer from what you have read and heard lately that the industry has taken its predicament seriously. It has been realized that a change in public feeling toward the films at this time must retard immeasurably their future. Aside from the fact that the picture people don't feel they deserve the opprobrium that has been cast upon them in some quarters, they've indicated that they believed it was a time for action.

Beyond any attempt to improve the moral status of the picture industry as a whole, should



such an improvement seem at all necessary—and here, there is some room for doubt—many measures have been taken to remove the stigma arising from the widespread recital of injurious gossip. Civic leaders of Los Angeles have united with the films themselves in the movement to bring the truth about picture making before the public of the country. The organization of screen writers, composed of men and women who are engaged in the preparation of scenarios, has assembled articles by leading literary men, telling of their impression of Hollywood. Statistics have been gathered by various studios and newspapers, showing in detail that the pictures have no more divorces, crimes and scandal than other professions or lines of business—in fact, not so many. These are being distributed broadcast. They make the first fair constructive tribute to the great business of picture-making that has ever been gotten together.

Astonishing indeed are the evidences of happy domestic life in the instance of many of the most prominent stars. The occasional scandal is offset by many instances of peaceful home life. We have such striking cases as Bryant Washburn and his wife and children, to whom the star is absolutely devoted; Allen Holubar and Dorothy Phillips, and their youngsters; Anita Stewart and her husband; Charles Ray and his wife; not to mention Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, who are apparently exceptionally mated. There are dozens of other couples like these—Mr. and Mrs. William Farnum; Thomas Meighan and his wife, formerly Frances Ring in professional life; Wheeler Oakman and Priscilla Dean, Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge, Bernard Durning and Shirley Mason, King Vidor and Florence Vidor, Wallace MacDonald and Doris May, Nazimova and Charles Bryant, Norma Talmadge and Joseph Schenck, Lloyd Hughes and Gloria Hope. Most of these, it will be noted, have their professional interests in common, as well as their domestic. King Vidor is directing Florence Vidor. Charles Bryant is directing his wife, Nazimova. Joseph Schenck produces the pictures in which Norma Talmadge appears; not only that, but he looks after the affairs of Constance Talmadge and Buster Keaton, who is married to the sister of the two stars.

Frances Ring has retired from professional life, devoting herself entirely to making a home for her husband. Meighan is acknowledged as one of the finest men in the Hollywood colony, and his life centers around his home.

Wheeler Oakman and Priscilla Dean do not play in the same pictures, but their interests are the same. Bernard Durning does not generally direct his wife, but he works on the same lot where she, as Shirley Mason, stars. Lloyd Hughes and Gloria Hope began their romance, I believe, both appearing in the same picture.

There are many others who have found the love that has lasted while professionally active. This is true for such stars as Doris May and Wallace MacDonald, Dorothy Gish and James Rennie, Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay, Carmel Myers and Eric Kornblum, Raoul Walsh and Miriam Cooner, Rex Ingram and Alice Terry, Betty Blythe and Paul Scardon. Not all of these are Hollywood residents, but they all are engaged in motion pictures, and there is little difference between general conditions in the East and in California.

I don't know that my list is half, or even third complete, as regards the prominent stars. Other names keep occurring to mind like Will



*William de Mille, and family, take a stroll in the garden of their lovely Hollywood home.*

Rogers, who is so fond of his home and his children that even when he is on a distant location he will take a hurried train trip to enjoy a Sunday dinner at his own table; Milton Sills, who, with his wife, is deeply interested in philosophy and music; Conrad Nagel, whose home life is generally described by his associates as absolutely ideal.

It makes no difference whether comedy or tragedy engages their attention, they're generally just as successful domestically as they want to be, and most of them want to be.

There are some fine couples who are pretty well along the route of marriage, too—Theodore Roberts and his wife, who was formerly on the stage, for example; Ralph Lewis and Vera, and others.

While Cecil de Mille is anything but an old-timer, he, too, has been married for a number of years. So, too, has William de Mille. There are directors without number, beside these, who think their home life is much more important than any passing fancy which might come to them for some light-headed flapper, who dexterously sought to engage their attention.

When not married, the girls who appear in the films frequently live with their mothers, sisters or aunts. This is true of very many. Among them are Mary MacLaren, Mary Miles Minter, Helen Ferguson, Bebe Daniels, Marie Prevost, Alice Calhoun, Claire Windsor, Ruth Roland, Katherine MacDonald, Colleen Moore, Virginia Faire and many others. Even some of the unmarried men, like Harold Lloyd, Mack Sennett, Richard Dix and others, live with fathers, mothers or other blood relatives.

Important facts like these, the recent agitation in the films has brought to the foreground, among others less savory. They stand as a refutation for the lampoonings that the films have had in various quarters, and they are forming a strong bulwark against future attack. They speak too for the sincerity and devotion of many

adherents to the profession in which they are earning a living.

Similarly the action of the civic bodies goes to show that they do not regard the movies as a menace to the city of Los Angeles. In a resolution, the Chamber of Commerce declared that "to stigmatize the entire industry and its members for the failings of a few is a controversy of fair play and an unfair reflection upon the citizens of Hollywood, which is an integral part of the City of Los Angeles and a high-class residence district." This declaration reflects the sentiment of a large number of disinterested and sensible people, who elsewhere through the crisis have supported the cause of the picture players.

Most of all, though, the cause of pictures will be helped through the making of good pictures. The leaders in the industry have realized as never before that the future reputation of the movies can thus be best conserved. Consequently, I believe that in the next six months you will find a notable improvement in stories. The romantic and the idealistic theme will take the place of cheap, sexy trash that has often been foisted on filmgoers in the past.

I predict that you are going to see more of the kind of pictures that you have longed to see ever since the day you read your first romantic novel—the stories that deal with real heroes and heroines, not with those who qualify in name only, and with real people and their finer emotions.

Douglas Fairbanks is going to spend a mint of money on the first production he aims to make in the new crusade. Its title is "The Spirit of Chivalry," and it is to tell the story of the time when knights were bold and fought for the smiles of their ladies and the honor of their country. Fairbanks has taken the story of Robin Hood, and idealized it. He shows that the bandit of the Middle Ages was really working in the cause of right against a usurper of the throne.

During the making of this feature, Fairbanks will I believe, shut himself up entirely from public life and concentrate on the production. Neither he nor Mary Pickford are seen very often in public anyway—at least, in the picture colony—because they are so intent on reading and study. When they take recreation it is generally in the form of walking or riding over the hills.

What goes for Doug and Mary, is true of nearly all stars of Hollywood who have made a great name for themselves. They are hard workers. Their success depends on it. They have to give everything to their art if they want to keep at the top of the ladder. The higher they climb the more severe are the demands.

Movie people can't be such a wild, frivolous lot, even in their pleasures, as they are sometimes supposed to be, under circumstances such as these—not the ones who are really accomplishing things. They may go to cafes and have dinner parties there or at home, but in the main these are tame compared with some parties staged in other large cities of the country.

Why, not long ago Charlie Chaplin gave his first dinner in his new Hollywood home, entertaining Doug and Mary, among others, and the affair was as quiet and respectable as a church social. They say that Charlie was as nervous over the event as a groom is at his first wedding.

When you go to the homes of many of the other picture stars, the entertainment is quite the same as in the homes of most well-to-do people of the land. The



*Eileen Sedgwick, popular serial star, in the doorway of her attractive Hollywood home.*

(Continued on page 30)



# The Colorful and Romantic Story of W<sup>m</sup> D. Taylor's Life

**B**ANK books have a peculiar potentiality of blasting people's hopes.

And it was the question of approaching poverty that again confronted William D. Taylor in San Francisco—a few short weeks after he had returned from the Hawaiian Islands and was, seemingly, on the road once more to prosperity.

He had been living like a gentleman. Former New York friends of his were in the Bay City. He was entertaining them, and being entertained by them, lavishly.

And then, one day, the bank book that he prized so highly, warned him of impending poverty. He commenced to lapse into that former melancholy state of his.

What, he asked himself, would be the use for him again to try to "make his stake?"

Was not Fate constantly against him? Had not the handwriting on the wall invariably made its appearance to him?

Again he sought solace by communing with the "other half" of humanity. This time found him near Frisco's famous waterfront. He failed to return to his hotel for several days. But, had he returned, he would have found his problem solved for him.

The San Francisco agents of a certain influential mining corporation with interests in Alaska had been looking for him. Yet, he could not be found.

Several days elapsed and, finally, early one morning Taylor returned. There were lines of care, of worryment, in his face. He seemed to have grown suddenly older. The clerk handed him a letter, which he took lackadaisically and hardly bothered to read. Nor would he, perhaps, have read it had he not been interested in the name of the solicitors' firm in the corner of the envelope.

Its contents were a surprise, and, as he read, his spirits began to rise, for the letter informed him that there was a purchaser waiting to buy his Alaskan properties.

The price offered was generous. Once more would Taylor be on comparative easy street. Again with money in the bank, with his own self-estimation heartily increased by the advent of good fortune, Taylor commenced casting about for new lines of progress. For the time being he had no reason to go to Alaska. And the thought of his own sorrow in New York precluded his desire to go there.

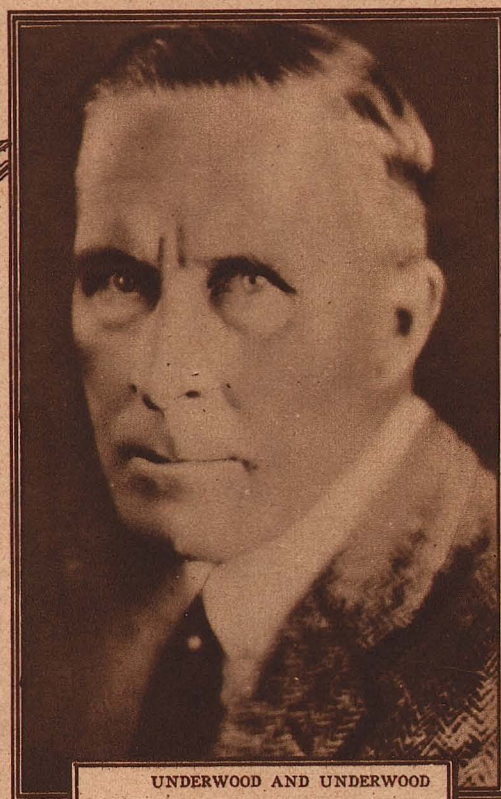
It was his San Francisco friends who offered the suggestion that he try his hand at making moving pictures in Los Angeles.

"They're paying a lot of money," someone said to Taylor. "And the work is very easy. We have a friend there who . . ."

And thereupon was propounded the story of how a new bonanza lay in the manufacture of what were then extremely infantile attempts at entertainment.

Throughout Taylor's entire life one finds that the pioneering spirit actuated many of his movements. Pioneering on a farm in Kansas, at restaurant-keeping in Milwaukee, in art-dealing in New York, in prospecting in Alaska. And, again, his interest in motion pictures became intrigued.

A number of actors from the legitimate stage were commencing to change their views toward the silent drama, and were entering it. Farsighted persons were beginning to visualize in films a great art rather than a mere fancy.



UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD  
William D. Taylor as he appeared in a recent photograph just before his death.



The body of the murdered director rests in peace, guarded by two members of his regiment.

Thomas H. Ince, for instance, had built a veritable city of motion picture "sets" on a stretch of land along the ocean front near Santa Monica, Cal. Western Alaska, frontier and out-of-door dramas found their locale in the sage-covered hills that surrounded the film village. New recruits, from every walk of life, were applying at the Inceville gates for admission to the studio—asking for work, for anything that would give them an opportunity to make their mark in the great infant industry.

And, several miles inland, in Los Angeles, studios were being built and the landscape about them began to take on an active production atmosphere, for activity had commenced to buzz on the canvas-covered stages that were springing up like mushrooms.

And Taylor went, one day, to the old-time Kay-Bee studios, to cast his lot with the film folk. He told officials there of his past experience on the stage with Fanny Davenport, of his experiences with Harry Corson Clarke. And an actor there, while he was talking in the office, recognized him as having been a former associate on the stage in New York and augmented his briefly related story.

The result was that Taylor found himself engaged to play before the motion picture camera in a picture called "The Iconoclast."

"Rehearsal at what time?" he inquired—and discovered his remark to be met with a glance of blank amazement.

"Rehearsal—in pictures?" came the reply. "We rehearse first and shoot the film afterward, all at once."

It was a life different from anything to which Taylor had ever been accustomed.

"I used to marvel," he recounted once, not long before his tragic death, "at the free and easy air of everyone in the studio. Everything seemed to depend on the sun. If it would shine we would have a full day; but, at times when Old Sol was contrary, we would sit around the studio swapping yarns until he finally decided to make his appearance."

This, of course, was characteristic only of the early days, for now film work is made at all times possible by the use of high-powered lights which equals, if not surpasses, natural sunlight. And it is a factor which has made picture production a business venture and has created actual working hours at a studio.

Taylor—the man with a colorful background, the cultured gentleman—was, from the time of his entrance into pictures, a distinctive figure in them. When the sun would keep his company waiting for "shooting time," he would not customarily engage in the various varieties of small talk that so many of the actors practised, but one would see him studying, reading, or watching some phase of the work being done that had seemingly gripped his entire attention.

"The Iconoclast" was finished, and he found himself cast for another role. But the powers-that-be at the studio could visualize in him, in his experience, something more than a mere actor, and offered him the chance to direct.

In those days it was uncommon for a director to be able to act in his own plays. Taylor could do it and occasionally did. But it was something that he did not entirely care to do.

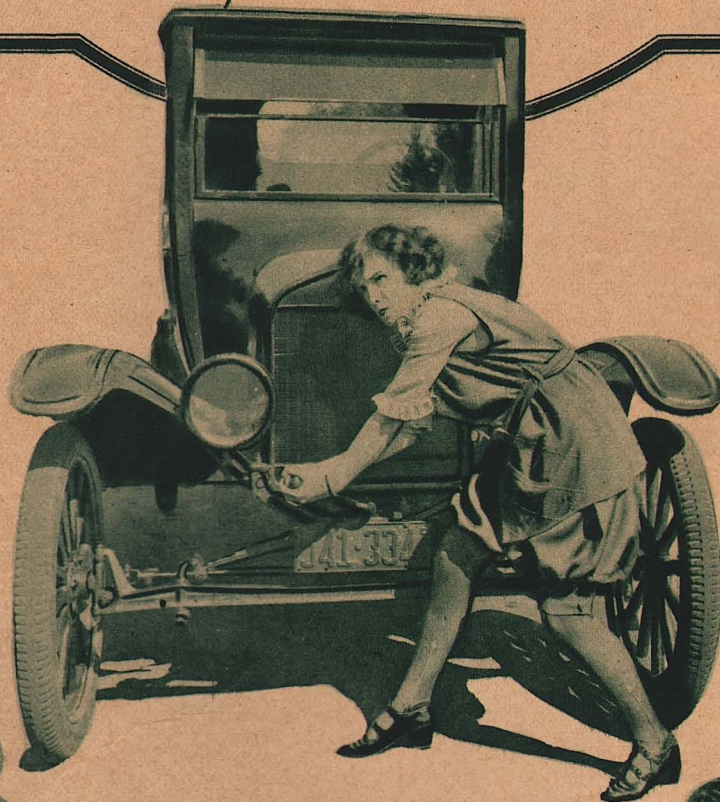
"I have wanted either to direct or to act," he often remarked. "But I wanted to do one or the

(Continued on page 8)



# A FLASH of OFF-STAGE GAIETY

A snap of Gloria and her two uncles, Jonathan and Charles Swanson. If your eye is keen, you will discern a wedding ring gracing the hand with which Gloria is tweaking her uncle's ear.



Norma and her brother-in-law, the frozen-faced Buster Keaton, start a little musical racket, while Connie, gracing the picture atop the piano, gazes at them with limpid, dreamy eyes.

Shirley Mason is having a dickens of a time with her prize flivver. We heard (!) that Shirley decided to walk and give the darn "machine" up for a bad job. (Free ad. for Henry Ford!)

Who said Wallie Reid and Mrs. Reid were at daggers' point? Here's a new snap of them taken on their Hollywood lawn. Wallie finds a four-leaf clover and beams the good luck signal.

Trust Ruth Roland to make a professor out of Teddy. Ruth enjoys with mischievous glee the effect of her making-up ability.





# Charlie Chaplin

## *A soul tragedy*



"I would not be surprised," says Claire Sheridan, "to see Charlie Chaplin startle the world some day as one of the greatest tragic actors of all time."

Being a new viewpoint of Charlie, told by the famous sculptress

CLAIRE SHERIDAN

to

Avery Strakosch

Claire Sheridan working on her bust of Charlie Chaplin.

REPORTED engaged to Charles Chaplin, Claire Sheridan, the beautiful and famous English sculptress, laughed gaily when we attempted to heckle her regarding the announcement, in her cathedral-like studio, facing Central Park on Fifty-ninth Street. The story of Chaplin's and Mrs. Sheridan's betrothal went the rounds of the dailies but recently, after Mrs. Sheridan modeled the famous comedian's head. Whether or not heckling is successful with a person of decided ideas, remains to be seen, but we found it at least started the ball rolling, so to speak, subsequently throwing new side-lights on the character of the famous screen artist.

"It's quite wonderful to be reported engaged to such a marvelous person as Mr. Chaplin, even when you are quite sure, and quite resignedly sure at that, that there is not an iota of truth to the report. You see, I have found him to be one of the most interesting, and one of the most wonderful persons to know. However, it's gotten to the point nowadays where one can't be seen about with him for more than five minutes without supplying the Associated Press with material for days! It's getting to be rather a joke on the ladies, this wedlock business with Charlie Chaplin, isn't it? Once, you know, it rather gave a woman a certain amount of prestige, but now it's become ordinary. In fact, quite anti-climactic, don't you think?"

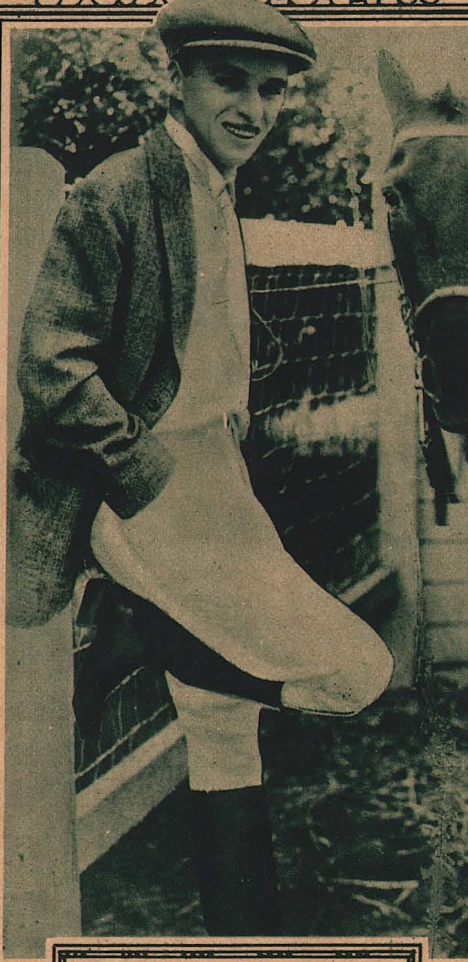
If any doubting Thomas insists that all the beautiful women in America long to be preserved in celluloid, said Thomas is wrong. For, before us, settling back comfortably in a great mound of pillows, whose colors reflected the combined brilliance of the Imperial Russian Ballet and the rainbow, was a lovely lady fair to the eye, with nary a desire to "get into" the movies. But suddenly she became serious. The bantering expression left the pretty, piquant face, haloed in its blonde, bobbed hair, as she chose with evident care the words she wished to use to tell her impressions of, the world-renowned pantomimist.

"When I sculpted Mr. Chaplin in Los Angeles recently," she began, "I had the opportunity of knowing him rather well. That, no doubt, is where the report of our betrothal had its beginning. You see, in my modeling, I always endeavor in one way or another, to catch the essence of the soul of the subject I am doing. To mold clay and leave it cold without the warmth of understanding would render my work quite useless. It would be dead, lifeless, meaningless.

"From the first sitting I found Mr. Chaplin most sympathetic, and I soon felt that I had 'gotten' to something of the soul of him as I modeled him, in California.

"How different he is from the world's conception of him! Not that he is less kind than his friends know him to be, or less sympathetic. Do you know, Charles Chaplin is the very embodiment of tragedy—soul-tragedy!

"I believe, with the majority of his followers, that he is the greatest pantomimist, bar none. Only, in my opinion, he is not limited to comedy. And, his comedy is something more than pure comedy, something other than a superficial bodily or mental or even intellectual interpretation of



Charlie, ready to go for a gallop after a hard day's work.

the funny things in life. It is a reaction, a direct result of the tragic life of his early youth, of the suffering and pain that he endured years before he had any indication of his dreams coming true. It is a reflex from the disappointment of certain dreams not coming true later in life, from a certain ability, if you will, to remember . . . He has never forgotten the terrible times of the past, of his early struggles—for it is impossible to forget that which is stamped indelibly upon one's soul!

"Candidly, I would not be surprised to see Charlie Chaplin startle the world some day as one of the greatest tragic actors of all time. When that time does come—I say 'when,' not 'if,' because I believe emphatically in that possibility—when this does happen, it will not be from any egotistical desire to show people that he possesses an unlimited histrionic versatility. No, rather will it come about as the natural course of events. With a mind whose contents are boundless, and with such an understanding of life as he has—he has the depth and the feeling for the smallest detail—his possibilities are limitless. See here," she walked over to the bronze head and pointed to its characteristics and the potentialities of them. "The tragic line from cheek-bone to chin, modified somewhat by the lips, around which the sense of comedy and burlesque always hover; the placement of the eye, and the serious brow modeled by nature." All these things, according to Claire Sheridan, have a definite meaning for the future of Charles Chaplin. They are sign posts on the road of his life as an artist and as a man.

"And many of the others in Hollywood would be tremendously interesting for me to model. Soon, I intend to return there and do a head of Mary Pickford.

"I'm all for Hollywood and its inhabitants, you know. They aren't drab, and with their flaunted colors they give the world something in return for the great financial gains they make. It's all rot, to think of them as beings apart. Why, they are no different from the inhabitants of New York or London, or elsewhere. And what's more to their credit, the money they have has been made through their own efforts—not inherited! Three thousand miles east of Hollywood one hears a great deal of the morals and the lack of them out there, also of the wild lives they lead. My view of them gave me a very different impression. I can assure you. For I found that these tired people who work, work, work are more grateful for sleep at the end of the day than for any of the ridiculous forms of amusement which have been so intimately cited by the press.

"They are all interesting, some more and some less, as all persons making their own fortunes are. And they seem to be alive to all possibilities and phases of their work, despite the fact that many of them are not permitted to carry their ideas out, because of the business man, who indeed seems to have been the power behind the

(Continued on page



# The Colorful and Romantic Story of W<sup>m</sup> D. Taylor's Life

Continued from page 5

other. A combination of work is not a good thing. Too many cooks spoil the soup."

The former American company was setting out to dazzle the eyes of the screen world with a stupendous thirty-episode serial, "The Diamond From the Sky." It was an epoch, for serials hitherto had been more or less fugitive things of disconnected continuity and wild-eyed thrills. Taylor was requested to direct it, and for a year was occupied in making it.

And it was this picture that established him as one of the true artists of the film industry. His method of reserve in handling actors, in keeping his company in harmony, in getting a dollar's best effort for a dollar's pay, became known to the various Los Angeles producers, and his name, when mentioned, was spoken of with that same reverence that characterized it a few years hence, when its possessor was a member of high standing in the exclusive Larchmont Yacht Club.

His home, an unpretentious place, well-appointed with regard to Taylor's concepts of art, had an atmosphere of color and refinement. Books everywhere, and objects of art made the Taylor home a center of culture. There was none of the flamboyance evident, such as characterized the home of various made newly-rich through their motion picture successes, and the persons accustomed to gather there represented the more cultured, the more artistic class of film devotees.

To Taylor, his venture into the serial field was an education, and he used the play largely as an experimental laboratory to try effects.

"We had autos going over cliffs," he has said, "people falling from balloons, train accidents and all sorts of trained animals from an octopus to an elephant."

When Fox started in producing "The Tale of Two Cities," once more there came to Taylor the hankering for greasepaint. He was offered a role in the play of which William Farnum was the star, and took it gladly. And in it he was an invaluable aid to the director, for his knowl-

edge of literature and of art made many of his suggestions worthy of deepest consideration.

One of the slain director's chief characteristics was his love for children. In "The Tale of Two Cities," for instance, in scenes where numerous youngsters would take part, he could be found in ardent conversation with them, sharing their joys and sympathizing with them in their sorrows.

Some months later this very attribute of his proved a valuable business asset as well. He had become a director of the Famous Players-Lasky forces—had directed Dustin Farnum, George Beban, Kathlyn Williams, Constance Talmadge and other stars with aplomb, and finally was asked to create, for the screen, versions of both Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn.

An unsympathetic man would not have been able to visualize either of Mark Twain's famous boy characters had he not understood their psychology. To Jack Pickford fell the role of Tom Sawyer, and Robert Gordon, then an almost unknown young actor, was to play Huck Finn.

Months later had these two actors been available, Taylor's perhaps greatest work would not have been accomplished. But, as Fate would have it, when he set about making a production of "Huckleberry Finn" for Lasky, there was no boy actor obtainable for the title role. And Taylor set about to find someone suitable to the role.

From a numbers of boys who had reported at the studio he selected Lewis Sargent. The chap's very boyishness, his air of unspoiled youth, were what interested the director, and although young Sargent knew practically nothing about the art of acting, Taylor took him in hand and worked unceasingly with him.

It happens that Mark Twain created Huck to be a boy of many freckles, and these are a facial quality that are difficult to show on the screen. In order for Sargent to have his film freckles properly adjusted to his makeup, Taylor would daily paint them on the lad's face with an iodine brush, and, so that he could readily visualize the

true Mark Twain character, Taylor for hours would tell his juvenile star stories that would stimulate his youthful imagination.

And, as the result of Taylor's careful training, Lewis Sargent blossomed from a natural, untrained boy into a trained, capable actor who readily starred in both "Huckleberry Finn" and "The Soul of Youth," and who could take his place in the annals of film history as a truly talented portrayer of types.

When Taylor was directing his actors he continually maintained an attitude of cultured reserve that could not be broken down. To certain boorishly-inclined persons it was a definite barrier between themselves and Taylor, the man. To others, however, it signified dignity and capability. And, many a time, it prevented actors from showing anger of "temperament," so-called, when they were acting in front of the Taylor camera.

His age, for he was in the early forties during his screen career, placed the director in a more or less fatherly attitude toward the younger actors who would work with him. Mary Miles Minter regarded him with all the love that any young girl customarily shows for a male parent. To Ethel Clayton, whom he directed in such productions as "Beyond" and "Wealth," he seemed more like an uncle, and one of his most broken-hearted mourners, at the time of his death, was Betty Compson, whom he directed in "The Green Temptation."

To the young women he directed he was councillor, sympathizer and sharer alike in joys and sorrows. Mabel Normand, for instance, would ask his opinion of all her scenarios before she would commence their production, and, on the fatal evening of his death, she had gone to his home to receive an armful of books that he had selected for her at his bookseller's.

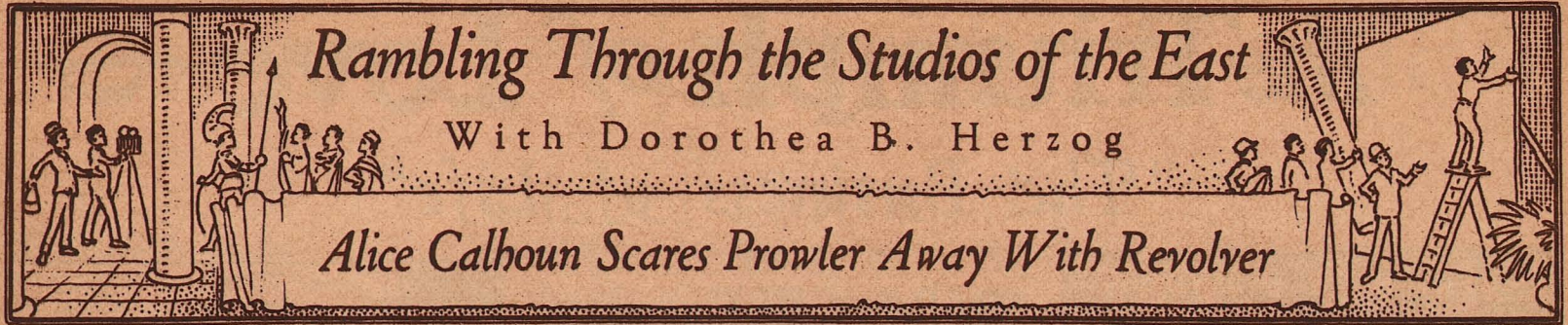
Men—and bachelors—usually have a set of particular cronies—men friends of their own age who receive their confidences and jointly share in the varied joys of a middle-aged man's life.

(Continued on page 29)



As the body of William D. Taylor, clothed in the uniform of a Canadian Captain, is lowered into the grave, the squad fires a parting salute.





### Wrong Again

IT was rumored not so many weeks ago that Mae Marsh was to return to the Griffith fold. Not so. And yet we don't know just what this little star plans to do. Her play flickered before it reached Broadway, and since then, Mae has been devoting most of her time to her adorable little daughter. An astute picture man will tie her up to a contract one of these days soon.

\* \* \* \* \*

### John S. Robertson to Coast



Director John S. Robertson

John S. Robertson, feature director for Famous Players-Lasky, has been loaned to Mary Pickford to direct her in her new special, "Tess of the Storm Country." Mr. Robertson and his wife, professionally known as Josephine Lovett, recently returned to

New York following a prolonged sojourn abroad, during which time Mr. Robertson made two pictures, "Love's Boomerang" and "Spanish Jade." No sooner did the two arrive in New York than they received word from Famous Players headquarters to leave the next day for the Coast. They were ready, but very tired withal. Then the counter order: not to leave.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Out to Great Neck

Mrs. Robertson thereupon went to Great Neck, where they have an adorable home—a home, by the way, that has never seen its owners. Now was the happy opportunity to get draperies, furniture, and what not.

Business of unpacking trunks, only to receive word immediately after to come to the Coast "on the run." And so, fate being against the little home in Long Island, the Robertsons entrained for the Coast, where Mr. Robertson is now busy directing Mary in "Tess of the Storm Country."

\* \* \* \* \*

### The Real Foreign Car

In making "Spanish Jade," Mr. Robertson and his wife and the entire company went to Spain to shoot many of the scenes. Mrs. Robertson recounted a few of the happenings while there:

"We went bumping around the country in Fords," she laughed. "The Spaniards contend that wherever a burro and his pack can go, a Ford can, too. Just picture us, leaping mountain-goat fashion from peak to peak! And it was no use remonstrating with the driver. He merely shrugged: Why couldn't the car travel here? Didn't a burro?"

"No," contended Mrs. Robertson, "don't talk to me about getting a foreign make car for a picture. Just use a Ford. It's universal."

\* \* \* \* \*

### Robertson Plays Tag

The Robertson company arrived in one out-of-the-beaten-path towns to shoot scenes, only to discover that a fair had opened there just that day. Here was luck.

When Director Robertson started in the next

morning to shoot scenes, the townspeople were Johnnies-on-the-spot. They gaped into the camera. It was their initial experience.

Robertson decided something had to be done—quick. So he leaned over and whispered to the heavy, who was a heavy both as to avoirdupois and as to role: "When I tag you, you chase me through the crowd."

Whereupon he tapped him on the shoulder and started running, the "heavy" hot on his heels. The mob of people immediately turned away from the camera to get the excitement. They laughed and clapped their hands at the amusing scene. The cameraman commenced to grind. And Robertson screened one of the most novel extra scenes ever flashed on the silver sheet.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Carol Dempster to Play Lead

While the name of D. W. Griffith's next special following "Orphans of the Storm" has not yet been publicly announced, we were informed that



Louise Du Pre, considered the luckiest girl in the world.

Carol Dempster is to play the lead. Carol's last production with D. W. was "Dream Street," following which she made personal appearances, went abroad, returned to play opposite Jack Barrymore in "Sherlock Holmes," an Albert Parker Production, and now, rested and ready for work, she starts rehearsals soon in Griffith's latest.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Putting the K. O. in Pictures

Jack Dempsey, hero of the "Daredevil Jack" serial and idol of the fight fans, is returning to the movies. Inasmuch as Jack can't find any rival to meet him in the ring, we suspect he figures a mere hundred "thou" or so from pictures wouldn't be so "worse." The heavyweight champion of the world is not a Wallie Reid as to looks, but oh, boy, when he gets in action... And, of course, there'll be plenty of opportunities in his new serial to see him in the ring batin' the daylight out of some poor extra who needs a don!

### The Luckiest Girl in the World

THAT'S what they call Louise Du Pre, the youthful star of the screen and former understudy for Mary Pickford. Nature was remarkably good-natured in giving her Mary's adorable features and attractive physique. Circumstances, or fate, if you will, played a genial role in bringing her to Los Angeles during the course of a theatrical engagement. For it was then that Mary met this youthful person.

Mary was ready to start shooting on "Pollyana," so what more logical than to induce Louise to sign a contract as her understudy?

\* \* \* \* \*

### The Next Step

The girl's next step followed the natural evolution of a novel situation. Having proven her ability as an interpreter of ingenue, dramatic and child roles, she became a star, and as a star, she makes her initial debut in "The Proof of Innocence," a story of love and mystery and fascinating Greenwich Village.

Ye Rambler rambled up to see Louise and spent an enjoyable evening, discussing everything from human nature and motion pictures, to books of every type and description.

\* \* \* \* \*

### The Real Louise

The real Louise Du Pre is a thoughtful, introspective young person, intensely interested in life in all its ramification. A girl desirous of standing on her own merits before the public and winning friends because of them. So far as we can see, she has everything in her favor, including personality, artistry, ability, and naturalism. It is our opinion that she will go far.

\* \* \* \* \*

### A Line From Alice

Alice Calhoun writes us joyful tidings. She hints that in the not distant future she may be New York bound. Then, swerving from the

glad to the near-tragic, she tells us that as she was writing to us, she and her mother heard steps on the front porch of their bungalow and a key fumbling in the lock of the front door.

It was a key that didn't belong. Mrs. Calhoun and Alice dashed to the front room, Alice clutching a revolver in her hand—a revolver that she knew how to handle, being a crack shot. Upon hearing their footsteps, the prowler beat a hasty retreat.

But Alice wasn't through with him. She 'phoned the police, and, upon their arrival, acquainted them with the story. They are now on the lookout for one of the many perpetrators of robberies that slink around Hollywood.

Upon resuming her letter to us, Alice confessed that her heart "is going pit-a-pat," but outside of that, she's as cool as a grapefruit that has been on ice for an hour or so. Our heart continues to race even now and we fight a long time, before that cold, clutching fear melts.



Carol Dempster



# The Triumph of Love

## "The Business of Life"

By Robert W. Chambers

**S**ILENT, absent-eyed, Jacqueline began to wonder what such men as he really thought of a girl of her sort. It could happen that his attitude toward her might become like that of the only men of his kind she had ever encountered—wealthy clients of her father, young and old, and all of them inclined to offer her attentions which instinct warned her to ignore.

As for Desboro, even from the beginning she felt that his attitude toward her depended upon herself; and, warranted or not, this sense of security with him now left her leisure to study him. And she concluded that probably he was like the other men of his class whom she had known—a receptive opportunist, inevitably her antagonist at heart, but not to be feared except under deliberate provocation from her. And that excuse he would never have.

Aware of his admiration almost from the very first, perplexed, curious, uncertain, and disturbed by turns, she was finally convinced that the matter lay entirely with her; that she might accept a little, venture a little in safety; and, perfectly certain of herself, enjoy as much of what his friendship offered as her own clear wits and common sense permitted. For she had found, so far, no metal in any man unalloyed. Two years' experience alone with men had educated her; and whatever the alloy in Desboro might be that lowered his value, she thought it less objectionable than the similar amalgam out of which were fashioned the harmless youths in whose noisy company she danced, and dined, and bathed, and witnessed Broadway "shows": the Eddies and Joes of the metropolis, replicas in mind and body of clothing advertisements in street cars.

Her blue eyes, wandering from the ruddy andirons, were arrested by the clock. What had happened? Was the clock still going? She listened, and heard it ticking.

"Is that the right time?" she demanded incredulously.

He said, so low she could scarcely hear him: "Yes, Stray Lock. Must I close the story book and lay it away until another day?"

She rose, brushing the bright strand from her cheek; he stood up, pulled the tassel of an old-time bell rope, and, when the butler came, ordered the car.

She went away to her room, where Mrs. Quant swathed her in rain garments and veils, and secretly pressed into her hand a bottle containing "a suffusion" warranted to discourage any insidious advances of tyrod.

"A spoonful before meals, dearie," she whispered hoarsely; "and don't tell Mr. James—he'd be that disgusted with me for doin' of a Christian duty. I'll have some of my magic drops ready when you come tomorrow, and you can just lock the door and set and rock and enj'y them onto a lump of sugar."

A little dismayed, but contriving to look serious, Jacqueline thanked her and fled. Desboro put her into the car and climbed in beside her.

"You needn't, you know," she protested. "There are no highwaymen, are there?"

"None more to be dreaded than myself."

"Then why do you go to the station with me?"

He did not answer. She presently settled into her corner, and he wrapped her in the fur robe. Neither spoke: the lamplight flashed ahead through the falling rain; all else was darkness—the widest world of darkness, it seemed to her fancy, that she ever looked out upon, for it seemed to leave this man and herself alone in the centre of things.

Conscious of him beside her, she was curiously content not to look at him or to disturb the silence encompassing them. The sense of speed, the rush through obscurity, seemed part of it—part of a confused and pleasurable irresponsibility.

Later, standing under the dripping eaves of the station platform with him, watching the

□ □ □

### SYNOPSIS

James Desboro, man about town, is visited by a former sweetheart who is now married to an acquaintance of Desboro's. She tells him that she cannot stand her husband any longer, and asks Desboro to take her in.

Her husband has followed her and comes in at this point, and Desboro prevails on her to return with him.

He goes to see an antique dealer and finds he has died and his daughter is keeping up the business.

He is strangely interested in her and engages her to catalogue his antiques, putting off a pleasure trip to the south so that he may be home when she calls to start work.

She calls to begin her task of cataloguing and they spend a whole day in the Desboro armory classifying the antiques.

Desboro finds the time hanging heavy when she is gone.

approaching headlight of the distant locomotive, she said:

"You have made it a very delightful day for me. I wanted to thank you."

He was silent; the distant locomotive whistled, and the vista of wet rails began to glisten red in the swift approach.

"I don't want you to go to town alone on that train," he said abruptly.

"What?" in utter surprise.

"Will you let me go with you, Miss Nevers?"

"Nonsense! I wander about everywhere alone. Please don't spoil it all. Don't even go aboard to find a seat for me."

The long train thundered by, brakes gripping, slowed, stopped. She sprang aboard, turned on the steps and offered her hand:

"Good-bye, Mr. Desboro."

"Tomorrow?" he asked.

"Yes."

They exchanged no further words; she stood a moment on the platform, as the cars glided slowly past him and on into the rainy night. All the way to New York she remained motionless in the corner of the seat, her cheek resting against her gloved palm, thinking of what had happened—closing her blue eyes, sometimes, to bring it nearer and make more real a day of life already ended.

**W**HEN the doorbell rang the maid of all work pushed the button and stood waiting at the top of the stairs. There was a pause, a moment's whispering, then light footsteps flying through the corridor, and:

"Where on earth have you been for a week?" asked Cynthia Lessler, coming into Jacqueline's little parlor, where the latter sat knitting a white wool skating jacket for herself.

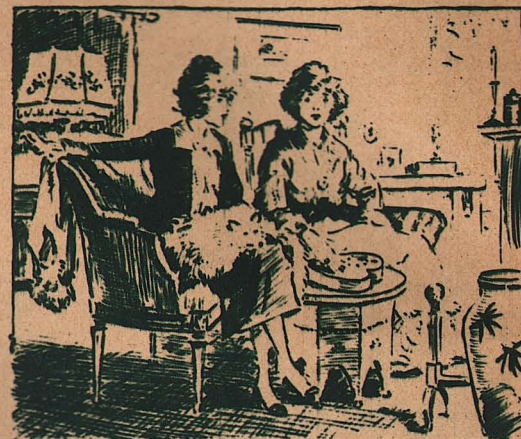
Jacqueline laid aside the knitting and greeted her visitor with a warm, quick embrace.

"Oh, I've been everywhere," she said. "Out in Westchester, mostly. To-day being Sunday, I'm at home."

"What were you doing in the country, sweetness?"

"Business."

"What kind?"



"Oh, cataloguing a collection. Take the armchair and sit near the stove, dear. And here are the chocolates. Put your feet on the fender as I do. It was frightfully cold in Westchester yesterday—everything frozen solid—and we—I skated all over the flooded fields and swamps. It was simply glorious, Cynthia—"

"I thought you were out there on business," remarked Cynthia dryly.

"I was. I merely took an hour at noon for luncheon."

"Did you?"

"Certainly. Even a bricklayer has an hour at noon to himself."

"Whose collection are you cataloguing?"

"It belongs to a Mr. Desboro," said Jacqueline carelessly.

"Where is it?"

"In his house—a big, old house about five miles from the station—"

"How do you get there?"

"They send a car for me—"

"Who?"

"They—Mr. Desboro."

"They? Is he plural?"

"Don't be foolish," said Jacqueline. "It is his car and his collection, and I'm having a perfectly good time with both."

"And with him, too? Yes?"

"If you knew him you wouldn't talk that way."

"I know who he is."

"Do you?" said Jacqueline calmly.

"Yes, I do. He's the 'Jim' Desboro whose name you see in the fashionable columns. I know something about that young man," she added emphatically.

Jacqueline looked up at her with dawning displeasure. Cynthia, undisturbed, bit into a chocolate and waved one pretty hand:

"Read the *Tattler*, as I do, and you'll see what sort of a man your young man is."

"I don't care to read such a—"

"I do. It tells you funny things about society. Every week or two there's something about him. You can't exactly understand it—they put it in a funny way—but you can guess. Besides, he's always going around town with Reggie Ledyard, and Stuyve Van Alstyne, and—Jack Cairns—"

"Don't speak that way—as though you usually lunched with them. I hate it."

"How do you know I don't lunch with some of them? Besides, everybody calls them Reggie, and Stuyve, and Jack—"

"Everybody except their mothers, probably. I don't want to hear about them, anyway."

"Why not, darling?"

"Because you and I don't know them and never will—"

Cynthia said maliciously: "You may meet them through your friend, Jimmy Desboro—"

"That is the limit!" exclaimed Jacqueline, flushing; and her pretty companion leaned back in her

(Continued on page 27)



# How to Get Into the Movies

by  
Mabel Normand

## IX. Inside the Studio.

SINCE my last chat on "Getting a Job," I've had several letters asking what I thought about popularity contests which are conducted at various times by magazines and newspapers for the purpose of discovering girls with picture possibilities.

My answer is—it all depends on the sort of contest it is, the people conducting it and the promises made.

Several reputable magazines and newspapers have been conducting contests which positively guarantee that the winner will have a chance to make good in pictures. They have made arrangements with some producer to engage the winner.

Several girls now in pictures have found their opportunity through such contests. I believe Virginia Faire, who appeared in Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy," found entree through a beauty contest conducted by a well-known motion picture magazine. The beautiful Lucile Carlisle, who has been leading lady for Larry Senion for some time, also obtained her first position through a motion picture magazine contest. The Universal company, I believe, recently engaged several very attractive girls who won newspaper contests.

By all means, submit your pictures in these contests—providing they are conducted by reliable magazines or newspapers or have the endorsement of well-known producers. But beware of any advertised contest which requests that you send money. Good magazines and papers do not take any money whatsoever from contestants.

But don't be discouraged if you do not win a contest in which you have been entered. You may have personality or beauty which the photograph fails to indicate. Besides, only a very few girls out of a very great number can win these contests. And in the event that you are one of the very few, do not be too optimistic. The contest has opened the door to you; it is up to you to walk in and make yourself necessary.

I have urged you in previous chats to prepare yourself for a screen career by studying the screen itself, by observing the methods of the best actresses, and by studying character through books and life. I have also tried to tell you how to go about getting work at the studios.

The one thing you should know before entering the studio is makeup. While there is nothing occult about the knowledge of makeup there are fine points which are worth understanding from the outset. For five dollars you can get someone to teach you how to makeup, or you may find a girl who is willing to show you without any charge. At any rate, find someone who can tell you what you should use and instruct you in the rudiments of using it. Makeup is a thing which requires long study, for each person requires a different sort. There are many little tricks for enhancing the beauty of the eyes, the lips, the contour of the face, and also of taking out lines and blemishes that are not

becoming. It is better to use too little makeup than too much at the outset. Study the girls around you and note what they use. They may not be right always, but they may give you ideas. Some studios have a makeup man who reviews the "extras" before they go into a scene, but he does not apply the makeup. He only tells you if it needs changing. As soon as you are given a part, even the smallest "bit," the director will scrutinize your makeup and make suggestions. Comply at once with what he tells you to do. He may not be right, but his advice certainly should be followed. Later, you can develop your own individual style out of the many suggestions and experiments.



The Author

Study yourself constantly. Spend as much time as necessary before the mirror trying different styles of makeup and hair dress until you strike a combination that seems effective. Just the manner of doing the hair often makes a tremendous difference.

Once inside the studio do your best to make friends with everyone, but don't be aggressive. Do not attempt to make advances to the director or leading players. They are busy and cannot give attention to the many extras around them. But be on hand to observe them and to do whatever they ask of you. Among the extras you will have an opportunity of making many acquaintances of value.

Always be on the alert to learn all you can. Do not sit about gazing into space or silently chewing gum like a resident of the pastures. Too many extras do that. Keep out of other

people's way, but keep your eyes on them. Instead of striving to be the observed of all observers, try to be the observer of all who can be observed. Note the instruction which the director gives the leading players and their methods of work. Above all, note the instruction which he gives you—you of the extras—and comply as quickly and effectively as you can.

What causes a director to pick a player out of the mob to do a part?

First, it may be that she is the "type"; that is, she looks as the director imagines the character would look.

Second, it may be that she has shown personality, that individual spark which distinguishes her from the rest and for which the producer is always in quest.

Third, she may have displayed such intelligence in responding to direction and in assuming the expressions which were desired that the director believes she has acting ability.

Here, then, are the qualities which you must endeavor to show in order to advance: Individuality, Good Appearance, Acting Ability.

You cannot at will become any particular "type," but you can study yourself and determine the type you really are. If you are tall, slender and have the Oriental cast of features and coloring you should carry the Oriental motif in your dress and makeup. If you are the young girl type, you should dress simply and have the unaffected manner that a young girl has. It may be difficult for you to decide the type that you are. Few people really know. Oftentimes a part may decide it for them, as the part Theda Bara played in "A Fool There Was" stamped her the vampire type.

It is possible for everyone, however, to pay attention to a director and achieve the effects which he desires. Only concentration, imagination and earnestness are needed.

You do not need to shove yourself into the foreground in order to attract a director's attention. He is more liable to be attracted to you if you have shown care in dress and makeup and alertness in understanding the points which he has sought to convey.

Above all, I repeat again, show the best that is in you to everyone all the time. Don't start smiling and being nice just when the director glances your way. Be friendly to everyone—not flirtatious—friendly, I say. Don't preen or pose, be natural and unassuming. Be yourself. Act toward others as you would have them act toward you. Make friends.

After all, what is the great secret of popular success? Only this—making friends. If you cannot make friends in the studio, you cannot make friends with the public. The mean, selfish, ill-tempered star famous for her "temperament," seldom wins the public. She may attract attention for a time if she has sufficient beauty and acting ability, but she will not gain the affection which will make her a lasting favorite.

In our final chat I'm going to talk of the most important thing of all—Making Good.

## SECRETS of the MOVIES

X

AN artist working night and day by himself could not turn out one of the popular cartoon series as often as it appears on the screen. His name only appears on the series, but often he does the least work of all. He is the originator of the series and gets the credit, but somebody else had to do the hard work. Sometimes Bud Fisher does not go near the studio in a month.

The real work of animating is done by a corps of helpers. Sometimes as many as twenty will be engaged in animating a cartoon, each doing

one small thing over and over, like a workman in a shoe factory putting in the eyelets. The different scenes are parceled out to the artists and they sit at their tilted desks with a light beneath the glass tops, making the scene over and over with a small variation each time.

One scene may show a baseball pitcher winding up. He is drawn over and over with a slight change in his arm while the rest of his body may remain still. One artist may have to work all day before the pitcher is able to let go of the ball. While he is at work on this scene, another artist will be showing the same character falling out of a balloon or going through a rock crusher, or whatever the scenario may call for. At the

end, the different scenes are assembled in their proper order, joined and run off.

At first the making of a cartoon was a long-drawn-out process, but now by means of celluloid foregrounds and transparencies the work is materially shortened.

The pictures that look so big on the screen are, as a matter of fact, drawn on cardboards not much larger than a sheet of typewriting paper. The cards for one reel of animated, when stacked up, are taller than the artist who conceived them.

It took ten thousand separate and distinct drawings to make the first half reel of animated; it could now be done with six hundred. And so we live and learn.

## The Animated Cartoon



# BERNARR MACFADDEN'S



I HAVE decided to publish a letter I received from an enthusiastic young lady in reference to the physical culture exhibition I gave at the recent dance of the Physical Culture Employees at the Hotel McAlpin:

"Dear Mr. Macfadden:

"One of the men employed by you took me to the P. C. dance. It was so interesting to see those splendid types of girlhood and manhood masked and in civic dress meeting to enjoy a happy evening.

"But the real big moment to me was when you posed in several of your characteristic poses. I have never seen such marvelous muscular display, and I am not a novice at things physical culturist. I have been assistant gymnasium instructor in several of the schools here in New York.

"Then your speech, explaining that your muscular control is the result of forty years of assiduous work. It is forty years well spent, for the exquisite ripple of iron muscles beneath the white skin pays tribute to your will power.

"You said, during the course of your speech, that to put pep and vigor into



Fox  
Sunshine  
Girl

Mack  
Sennett



Mack Sennett



# BEAUTY PAGES

one's daily work, it was necessary to take care of the body.

"The reason for my writing to you at all is to say that by your exhibition the other night of beautiful muscular control, you restored a great deal of my faith in work, exercise, and human nature. You are one of the few who practice what he preaches and who doesn't prescribe something you don't know anything about."

I mention this letter simply to bring out a point I have harped upon continually in every article. That is: exercise makes for bodily freedom, and bodily freedom makes for mental freedom, which, com-

bined with effort and hard work, means Success.

I never suggest exercises to you, my friends, unless I am assured they are the best. I could never know if they were the best, unless I, myself, had not spent some forty years in personally studying the broad subject known as physical culture.

Remembering my solitary struggle to gain a foothold in this fascinating study, I encourage my young friends to write in and ask me any question regarding exercising or dieting they may have in mind. They will be answered.



Mack Sennett



Mack Sennett



Mack Sennett

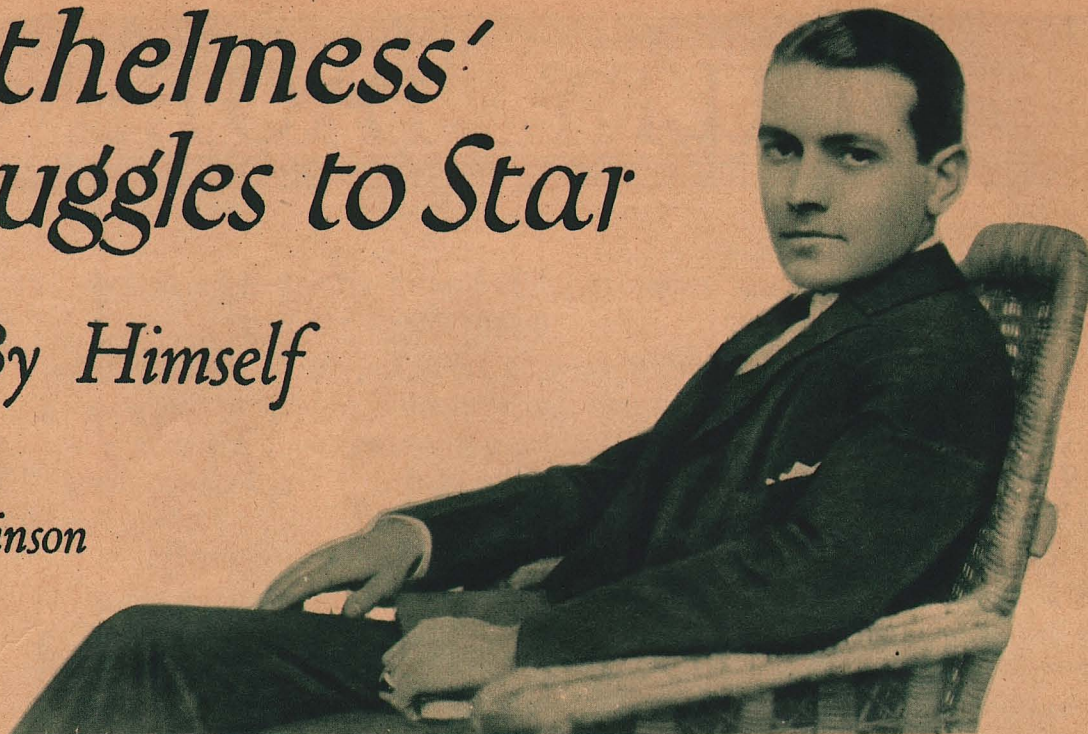


# Dick Barthelmess' Happy Struggles to Star

As Related By Himself

to

Lewis F. Levinson



EDITORIAL NOTE—In the first Dick Barthelmess article, his mother recounted the story of his childhood and boyhood.

His mother is sole authority on the facts of his baby days and of those years when he was at military academy and prep school, but it is to Dick himself that you must go for the story of how he entered Trinity College a freshman, quite as green 'as all freshman are, and graduated from the classroom to the motion picture studio.



As the Chinese boy in "Broken Blossoms."

Willoughby Pitt. I am afraid the college newspaper, *The Tripod*, can tell you more about that play than I can. Trinity is a small college. It was impossible to find enough men capable of playing female roles, so we obtained volunteers from the debs and sub-debs around Hartford. I was president of 'The Jesters,' the college dramatic society, and as such supervised the production, and had my hands full."

How full Dick's hands were and how successful he was may be guessed from *The Tripod's* review of the play.

"R. S. Barthelmess, '17, is the

## PART II

DICK sits on the chaise longue in the living room of his cozy apartment, and proffers you

a volume of the *Trinity Ivy*, the 1916 year book of the college.

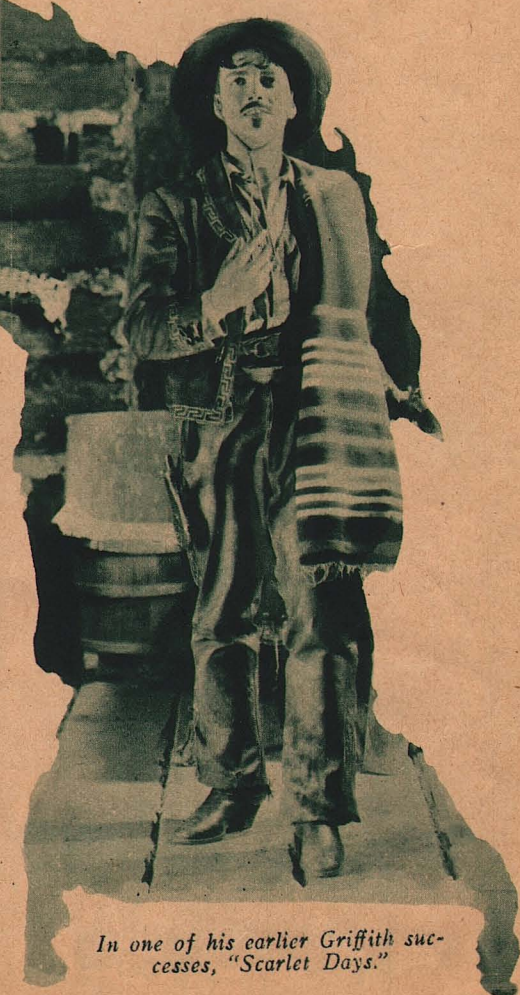
"This contains about all there is to tell about me at college," he explains. "I didn't go in much for athletics. I was too light for the football team, although I played on the class team one year. Most of my activities were in the dramatic line. Trinity is located most beautifully, so far as its natural advantages are concerned. I lived chiefly at the Psi Upsilon house, belonging to that fraternity because other members of my family in past years had belonged. My life centered wholly about the college . . ."

A glance at the *Ivy* proves this. Dick wrote copiously, everything from parodies of Edgar Allen Poe's "The Raven," done under the title of "The Cravin'," said "cravin'" being for plain adulterated fire water, all the way to the entire program of the Sophomore Smoker. He was known first as a lad who would undoubtedly go in for writing as a profession, but the career of his mother was bringing him more and more into touch with things of the stage, teaching him how to act, and combining the culture he was obtaining at Trinity with adequate dramatic experience.

"The biggest event of my college life was the production of 'A Gentleman of Leisure,' a comedy-drama in which Douglas Fairbanks had starred on the legitimate stage in New York. I played Fairbanks' role, that of Robert Edgar



In the role of the dreamy lad in "The Idol Dancer."



In one of his earlier Griffith successes, "Scarlet Days."



'gentleman of leisure,' and though he has very little leisure, he makes up for it by being very much a gentleman," says the collegiate dramatic critic. "It is so naturally and unaffectedly played that there is a temptation to say, 'Why this isn't acting at all,' which is just the most difficult kind of acting; for *'ars artem celare.'*" (Those who are puzzled by this sophomoric outburst of Latin may be guided by the dictionary, which gives the translation as "Art clarifies art.") The reviewer then adds: "It is a real pleasure to observe how carefully and delicately lines and situations are handled by him."

So much for Dick's dramatic ability when he was a lad of 19. As for his business ability, listen to this:

"To the energy and foresight of Jesters' president, R. S. Barthelmess, '17 (who is no less enterprising and successful off the stage than on), was due the favorable terms under which the Jesters worked. And he has worked hard and unremittingly, with only the success of the Jesters in his mind."

Dick was just a sophomore when he carried the lead of this show so successfully. You can picture the production and the unusual pleasure of the audience in witnessing the work of a college man who was talented dramatically. Such performances are rare on the amateur stage. Another production of the Jesters in which Dick starred was "Tom Moore," a play by Theodore Burt Sayre. In this case, even the critics on the local newspapers applaud Dick's work. A headline in the Hartford *Courant* reads:

#### HOW THE JESTERS CAME BACK TO US

*Dramatics No Longer Languish Out On the Hill at Trinity College*

"TOM MOORE" PLAY WAS GREAT SUCCESS

*Remarkable Performance by Mr. Barthelmess Is the Feature of the Production*

The local critic remarks: "Probably not since the days when young Thomas Achelis made his mark as an amateur actor with the Yale players in "Revivor" and "London Assurance," has Hartford seen such work by an amateur as that of young Richard Barthelmess in the leading role of the Sayre play. On Thursday he lost even that small amount of embarrassment which was noticeable on Wednesday. All the praise cannot be lavished upon Mr. Barthelmess, for he simply led the way for the other members of the company."

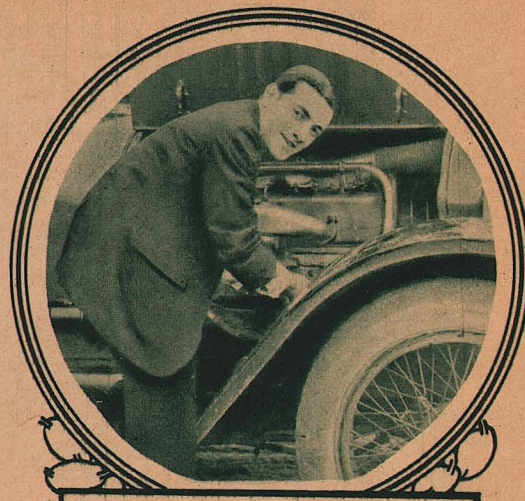
Dick gave his time to other things than dramatics, however. During the football season he officiated as cheer leader, and there is a picture of him in a white

sweater grouped with the other cheer leaders, in which he appears quite harmlessly juvenile.

"I managed to have a good time at college, too," he relates. "The college was small, the town is none too large, with the result that there was an active social life, and I really enjoyed it. I am not a bit ashamed to say that I went in for anything came along. I believe that a man's years at college are those in which he should enjoy himself fully, so that he may the more easily fit into the sterner work ahead."

"The four years passed swiftly, too swiftly," Dick tells you. "One day it was all over. I might have been undecided as to my future, but my future was shaped for me. Through the interest of a local banker, who had seen me act, and who was one of the backers of a local venture in motion pictures, I became a member of the Hartford Film Co., at the princely salary of \$25 a week. It was there that I played parts such as those of a Keystone cop, that I learned how to dodge or not to dodge a custard pie. We had a little studio, our future was more or less indefinite, and eventually the company broke up, owing me back salary."

"Then, for a time, I worked in an insurance office, earning \$8 a week. Some writers have guessed that I was frightfully hard up, starving perhaps, and took the job for the sake of earning the money, but while I used the



*As a mechanic, Dick confesses to being a good actor!*

exuberantly, "Mother, I have a part that will either make or break me!"

It made Dick. He fitted in nicely with the Griffith organization, and Mr. Griffith made use of his ability on numerous occasions, in pictures which constantly added to his experience and fame. At length, he was ready to graduate from the Griffith organization in which, because of Mr. Griffith's policy, starring is not possible, to the head of his own company. And Dick has again made good, for he has received the plaudits of the film world for his work in "Tol'able David."

Events do not speak for themselves in Dick's case. You need a downright chat with him to understand him thoroughly, and to comprehend his finer qualities.

"Personalities are always of importance in shaping a man's life, and I have been extremely fortunate in having acquired the friendship of such a man as Joseph Hergesheimer," he says. Dick has numerous letters from Mr. Hergesheimer, indicating how closely the famous author has been watching the work of the young star, and how keen is their mutual interest. This keenness of personal regard between a recognized literary artist and a motion picture star is unusual and promises much for the future.

Another writer who has shown great interest in Dick is Heywood Broun. It was Broun who, five years ago, when Dick was just starting to act for the screen, noted him in a small part in a Petrova picture, and remarked: "That young man bears watching." Recently Broun devoted much effort to calling the attention of the public to "Tol'able David."

But to return to Dick himself: "I'd very much like to go to Europe this summer to meet certain writers over there, but I am afraid my schedule of films will keep me here. I am, of course, anxious to meet Joseph Conrad, who is so much in sympathy with Mr. Hergesheimer. Another author whom I admire and wish to meet is John Drinkwater."

As for plans, it is unfair to mention the names of certain famous plays and novels which Dick proposes to render in film form, but here is his conception of how he plans to go about maintaining the artistic level of his productions: "It is always difficult to give the public what they demand and yet to keep faith with one's self. The public wants to laugh, and the average exhibitor likes best the picture which makes his audiences laugh. I am going to mix popular productions with those of sterner stuff, and thus try to satisfy everyone. The success of 'Tol'able David' has convinced me that this can be done."

The personal side of Dick's life has been changed little since he became a star. The warmest friendship exists between Dick and Mr. Griffith, a genuine admiration for the attributes which both possess. Dick has kept, too, his college friendships. Professors who watched his career at Trinity still write to him and visit him when they are in New York. He'd like to write,

(Continued on page 31)



*Visiting his wife, Mary Hay, in her dressing room, before the performance of "Marjolaine," a musical comedy success in which she plays a leading role.*

money, the job was just a stop-gap. Eventually I went to New York, and my real picture work began."

One may safely skim over Dick's picture work, mainly because he was already so well prepared that it was easy for him to obtain a good role. He played small parts in pictures with Mme. Petrova and with Ann Pennington, but it was with Marguerite Clarke that he obtained his real start. He suited Miss Clarke because he was smaller than the average leading man, and played with her in several pictures. Within less than a year, however, he found an engagement which gave him the opportunity which every screen actor seeks, a notable role. It was with Mme. Nazimova in "War Brides."

As he has said, upon another occasion, "If it had not been for two 'different' roles, roles out of the ordinary, I might still have been playing straight leads. The first of these roles in which I had an opportunity to act was with Nazimova. The second was when I was chosen to play the Chink opposite Lillian Gish in 'Broken Blossoms.'"

Mrs. Barthelmess often recalls that day, when Dick met her at the railroad station and cried,



*D. W. Griffith discusses a scene with Dick in "Broken Blossoms."*



MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES



BETTY COMPSON, PARAMOUNT STAR



# Norma Talmadge~

## FORTUNE TELLER

### THE REVELATIONS OF PHAROS, THE SEER OF EGYPT

FROM the earliest days of the dim past down to modern times, the cards have been used for the purpose of divination by men and women who seek to penetrate into the mysteries of fate and futurity. Foremost amongst the mystics of the East were those of the ancients of Egypt, whose famous royal oracle of divination, or method of reading the future in the cards is given here. It reveals your future, tells what your luck in love will be, and whether your dearest wish will be granted.

### HOW TO READ THE MYSTERIES OF THE CARDS

The complete pack of 52 cards is taken and spread out face downwards without order on a table in front of the inquirer. She who would consult the fates must choose seven cards, touching each card to the heart and lips—the ancient sign of secrecy—as she draws it.

These seven cards must then be well shuffled. From the seven cards she now draws a single one, uttering as she does so the wish nearest and dearest to her heart.

In the chart here given the chosen card will reveal the future to the inquirer, will forecast her luck in love affairs, and will tell her whether the wish she has uttered will be granted or not.

The cards should be shuffled after every consultation.

Now try it for yourself.

### WHAT THE CARDS REVEAL

#### Hearts

*Ace*—There are two men in love with you, one you know well, the other you have not yet met, but who admires you from afar. There will be some trouble in the future for you, but your heart will help you to choose aright, and happiness will be yours. Your wish will be granted very soon.

*Two*—A handsome boy is crazy to take you out and give you a good time. Your wish will come true in five years' time.

*Three*—A widower, a man younger than yourself by three years, and a soldier, are all in your life. Your dearest wish will never be granted you.

*Four*—You will yearn long for the love of a man who will never love you, spurning the care and affection of a humbler suitor whom you meet every day. Your wish will be granted—some day.

*Five*—Money stands between you and love. Your wish will be denied you.

*Six*—Romance will come to you by a lake side and in mid-summer. The granting of your wish is uncertain.

*Seven*—You are in love with a certain boy. So is another girl, and the jealousy between you will turn him away. He will marry a third girl. The wish nearest your heart will come true.

*Eight*—A dashing lover will come to you and after a whirlwind wooing will carry you off to settle down with him in a tropical country. There is illness in your future, and an accident

at sea, but contentment will reign supreme. Your wish will be denied you.

*Nine*—You will meet your mate at a wedding. He is short, not very good-looking, but has a heart of gold. You will marry him on the third anniversary of your meeting with him. Your next birthday will see the fulfilment of your wish.

*Ten*—You will go through seven lovers before you settle on Mr. Right. When he comes he will make you sit up, and you'll find out that loving has its penalties. He will lead you a pretty dance, but will marry you in the end. Your wish is sure to come true.

*Knave*—Give your fair lover his walking ticket and stick to the quiet boy who wears grey. He's your man. And he will do anything you ask him to ensure your happiness; but unless you keep him at your side for three years he will leave you. The wish you have long cherished is going to be fulfilled before the year is out.

*Queen*—Your luck in love depends on an old shoe. If you cast it out of your house, love will never come to you—you will have to search for it. Keep the shoe, and a strong, dark man will be drawn to your own fireside. You will become engaged, married, and settled down in a big town all within three short summer weeks. Your wish is sure to come true.

*King*—A dream you will soon have on a Monday concerning a man—an old friend—will come true. He loves you, but has never spoken—and will not unless you show him encouragement. Your wish will have its fulfilment on a Friday, the 13th of a month.

#### Clubs

*Ace*—A fair boy will fall in love with you at a dance. You will come to love him, too, but there will be much difficulty in getting his mother to look favorably on your friendship.

Alas! he's an only son, and you know what mothers are! But everything will come out right. Your wish will see its fulfilment a year after your wedding.

*Two*—You are not in love one little bit, although you think you are. There is a deal of travel and trouble in front of you, with the solace of a happy married life beyond. Your wish is an idealistic one—it may never come to pass.

*Three*—Be careful of the girl who is trying to estrange you from the sweetheart of your choice. Dissension sows distrust. Stick to your boy and trust him. He is to bring you great contentment and even riches, in the years before you. Your heart's desire will be granted when you learn self-control.

*Four*—Neither a moneyed man nor a professional man, but a working man, shall be your life's mate. He is to come into your life very soon. A lowly state with contentment and health is ordained for your future, and in the third month of five Sundays will you find the fulfilment of your dearest wish.

*Five*—You will meet him on a journey, then you will not see him for a year. But he will come back and offer you love and a home. Take him—he is your true mate.

(Continued next week)

## MOVIE WEEKLY'S Radiophone News

RELAYED by GRACE KINGSLEY

So Charlie Chaplin is going to turn director! Of course he has always directed himself, but it will be interesting to see him direct without acting, as he will do in the case of Edna Purviance, whom he has launched as a star, or will launch as soon as he finishes one more picture. He is also to write her story.

I don't think that Charlie intends to have any other leading woman. Miss Purviance will serve in that capacity between her own starring vehicles.

□ □ □

If Gareth Hughes can get his hat on today, it's because he's a very modest young man. He received a letter a few days ago from Sir James M. Barrie, in which the author praised him highly for his work in "Sentimental Tommy."

The author even went so far as to express a desire to see Hughes in "Peter Pan." Needless to say Mr. Hughes shares the latter enthusiasm.

□ □ □

Speaking of going abroad, Jackie Coogan is going abroad to make his next picture, "Oliver Twist," some of the scenes of which are to be made in actual London locations.

Jackie's coming is being looked forward to with interest by English fans, according to Jackie's father, who has sent a representative on ahead, and who has letters from English exhibitors expressing a desire to see the boy, and stating that he will be lionized on his arrival.

□ □ □

This reads like a fairy story. Nevertheless it is true, say its sponsors.

After all the discouraging articles about how hard the extra girl has to work to make good, and what a long row she has to hoe, this little story about Patsy Ruth Miller, who plays in "Watch Your Step," is very refreshing.

Patsy Ruth was travelling in Southern California when a motion picture director saw her,—don't shoot! He really did immediately address her and ask her if she would like to appear in pictures. He also asked her parents for their permission to introduce her to pictures. The next thing the public knew she had become a regular leading lady—all inside of a year. The funny part of this is that Patsy Ruth had no idea of becoming a screen actress, the role being thrust upon her.

□ □ □

No New York for Ruth Roland, says that young lady. The queen of the Pathe black-and-blue drama means to make her next serial at the United Studios, in Hollywood.



A LOVELY PHOTO OF NORMA  
by SPURR.



# Sh-h-Under the Orange Pekoe Tree

## by Irma, the Ingenue

O H, we're all wondering if Agnes Ayres is going to be married again!" "Yes, yes!" I prompted Irma the Ingenue, breathlessly.

"Well, just wait," she answered, "until I get this awful veil off. I can't see a thing in it, and I simply must see who that is that Charlie Chaplin is taking tea with. Though I might know. It's Lila Lee. It's always Lila now-a-days. . . . Here, waiter, bring us at once some high-power tea. . . . Yes, I'm off my diet. It made me so cross."

Irma, the Ingenue, lifted a tantalizing veil, the color of an autumn leaf, and the light from the little table under the tree in the tea garden made more beautiful the pink of her cheeks, the brightness of her eyes, and the sweet curve of her lips. "As you were saying about Agnes Ayres," I suggested.

"Oh, yes. . . . The idea that a piece of French pastry could make me forget anything so romantic. Why, you see, it's Maurice, the dancer! He has been dancing at the Ambassador, and ever since Connie Talmadge went back to New York, he has been paying the most devoted attention to Agnes. Agnes told somebody I know that she really does like him awfully well. She wouldn't admit she was engaged to him, and I suppose she isn't, yet. But they go to supper dances and theatres together all the time. I danced with him once, and I'm sure his dancing alone is enough to make any girl fall in love with him. Then he's such a regular he-man in addition. And he talks so well. He's good at both ends, I told Agnes—can both dance and talk. She came floating in on his arm, the other night at the Ambassador, and was his guest all evening. She looked distinctive, too. I tried to make out why. Then I realized. She is about the only girl who hasn't bobbed her hair!

"Oh, yes, and maybe Maurice will stay out West and go into pictures with the Lasky company. Everybody is looking forward to see what will happen when Connie Talmadge gets back. Will Maurice shift back to Constance? Or will he remain true to Agnes?"

Irma, the Ingenue, took a nibble at her pastry, and went on without waiting for my opinion.

"But speaking of dancing," she rippled along, "did you know Charlie Chaplin could make his living as an aesthetic dancer if he wanted to? Well, he could! Maurice kidded him into getting on the floor the other night at the Ambassador, and the two did a funny burlesque aesthetic dance that was the cutest thing you ever saw! Charlie was there with Lila Lee.

"There were a lot of Charlie's ex-flames in the crowd, that night. I wonder how they felt? Claire Windsor was with a journalistic editor, May Collins was stepping out with a business man, and Edna Purviance had her faithful Bobby Hunter in tow. Once they all happened to meet, crowded together in a corner of the dancing

floor. Claire was awfully thoroughbred; she just bowed and smiled sweetly to everybody.

"And speaking of ex-beaus—what a lot of ex's there were present that night! Now personally I like an ex. He's such a comfortable person. You know all about him, and just how to work him when you meet him unexpectedly, whereas a new one just worries you to death until you find out how to manage him. Well, as I was saying, Lottie Pickford was dancing with her new husband, Alan Forrest, while Kenneth Harlan seemed to be free-lancing. They met face to face for a moment on the dance floor. Kenneth was raising whiskers for a picture, so he sort of hid behind them for a minute; but Lottie spotted him, and called over, 'Hello!' So he had to stop and talk. But I guess it was sort of sultry for Alan.

"Mabel Normand was out for the first time since the Taylor murder! She had on a long ermine cape, and looked beautiful, though just a bit wan. Mabel is genuinely devoted to her friends, and was deeply grieved over the death of Taylor.

"So Constance Talmadge is to make 'East Is West!' I cannot imagine anybody doing it better than she will. It will give her a better chance to act than she has had since away back six

years ago when she played the mountain girl in 'Intolerance.' And she's to go to China for part of the stuff! Can't you imagine all those Orientals of New China forgetting all about politics and education and the vote for women in order to run after her?

"King Baggot is going clear down to Louisville to be there when the races begin, in order to make scenes for 'The Suburban Handicap.' At least, that's all he says he's going for. But I'll bet he'll have more in his pocket than his salary when he comes back. He's very lucky.

"It seems that Earl Williams and his wife are as happy again as two turtle doves. They always did seem happy, and so everybody was surprised when a little while ago, there was a rumor that they had separated. Now they go out together all the while to theatres and dancing parties."

Irma, the Ingenue, saw Harold Lloyd looking at her from an adjoining table, so after giving him an engaging smile, she made as charming and graceful a picture of herself as she could in reaching for the tea pot and pouring me the tea she knew I didn't care a cent about.

"Look!" she exclaimed. "There's Priscilla Dean and Wheeler Oakman! Hello, dears! They're building a house, you know, in Beverly Hills. It is in the Colonial style outside and a sort of Spanish style inside. Also Priscilla says she doesn't care a hang whether the Colonials had 'em or not, she's going to have a swimming pool. Then there's to be a great big kitchen with an open fireplace. You know her husband, Wheeler, just dotes on cooking over an open fireplace, and Priscilla doesn't care a hang how much he cooks just so he doesn't ever ask her to do it. The kitchen is to be large, she says, so that he can splash just as much as ever he likes.

"Oh—but did you hear about the Spring house-cleaning which the Hollywood Hotel got? My dear! Lots of picture actors used to live there. Some of them had been out of work and hadn't paid their board bills for months. The Hollywood Hotel people made them leave. There was one actress who owed \$1,500! But I think the hotel people are sorry now, because the picture people are a clannish lot, and they all got mad and left when the delinquents were put out. And they won't go to the hotel dances on Thursday nights any more. I was over there the other night, and it's as quiet as the old ladies' home."

Just then Doris May and Wallace MacDonald, those two turtle doves of Moviedom, entered and carried Irma away with them in their big Cadillac.

"Good-bye, darling!" she waved. But all the while her eye was on Tony Moreno, who had just driven up.



Just then, Doris May and Wallace MacDonald, those two turtle doves of Moviedom, entered and carried Irma away with them in their big Cadillac.



"Oh, we're all wondering if Agnes Ayres is going to be married again! You see, it's Maurice, the dancer. Agnes told somebody I know that she really does like him awfully well."



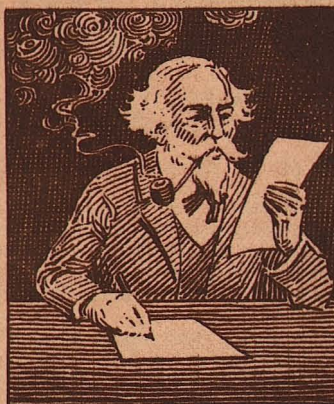
"Priscilla Dean and Wheeler Oakman, her husband, you know, are building a house in Beverly Hills. There's to be a great big kitchen with an open fireplace. Wheeler just dotes on cooking over an open fireplace."



"Maurice has been dancing at the Ambassador, and ever since Connie Talmadge went back to New York, he has been paying the most devoted attention to Agnes. She wouldn't admit she was engaged to him, and I suppose she isn't yet."







## Questions Answered by The Colonel

My job on "Movie Weekly" is answering questions. Wouldn't you like to know whether your favorite star is married? What color her eyes are, or what may be his hobbies? Write me, then, and I will tell you. I cannot answer questions concerning studio employment. For a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. All inquiries should be signed with the writer's full name and address, which will not appear in the magazine. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th St., New York City.



I suppose you have noticed that "Movie Weekly" now has a scenario department for the benefit of those who will never be happy until they have written for the movies. In spite of this, however, some of our readers still ask me how to get their heroines out of the mud-puddle, or some such question. So I just thought I'd remind you that your photoplay problems should be whispered to the scenario department. I have plenty of other things to lose sleep over.

**RED VAMP**—You ask me whether you can write to Theodore Kosloff and Nazimova in Russian. How do I know whether you can or not, unless you tell me? I know darn well I can't. They can read Russian, if that's what you mean. Mr. Kosloff can be reached at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, and Nazimova's address is United Artists, 729 7th Ave., New York. Natacha Rambova is not Russian at all; her name is Winifred De Wolf. We tried to get a picture of her to publish, but she hasn't any. She is not an actress. Pola Negri is still in Europe; I don't know whether she speaks English.

**DOROTHY FROM PITTSBURGH**—That sounds like the name of a musical comedy, except that Pittsburgh is hardly a romantic enough place for a show to be named after, is it? Yes, I think "Orphans of the Storm" is considered better than "The Birth of a Nation," if for no other reason than that motion pictures themselves have been so improved in the last six years. Yes, Rodolph is now a star. Johnnie Hines lives at 548 W. 164th St., New York; Marjorie Daw and Mary Carr, c-o Fox, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood.

**BILLY HYLAND**—Did you get the picture you wanted of Earle Williams? Pauline Stark's next picture will be "My Wild Irish Rose." I'm sorry I do not know whether she is married. Her address is Vitagraph Studio, 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood.

**MARCIA**—Yes, Marcia, R. V. has been divorced. Nilds Welch lives at 1616 Gardner St., Hollywood; Hallam Cooley, 7010 Lane-wood, Hollywood, and Gaston Glass, Formosa Apts., Los Angeles.

**ROSLIE OF DREAMLAND**—You must be very romantic. So your pen is a fountain? Well, isn't that nice, and then you can keep it in the front yard and watch it play! You can get a picture of Mary and Doug by cutting it out of a magazine, or writing and asking for one. You can also get a picture of any other star in the same way. All types are good for the movies, if you can get in.

**BABS**—No, you are not asking too many questions, but you do want too many addresses for publication. I try to answer only questions of general interest on the answer page. I have the cast of "One Arabian Night," but Pola Negri is the only actress in the cast whose name is given. Send me your address and I will answer your other questions. In the meanwhile you might write Harrison Ford and Conway Tearle at the Lambs' Club, 128 W. 44th St., New York City.

**CURLEY**—You're one of these statistics hounds, I see—height, weight, etc. Well, I will tell you what you want to know if you will give me your full name and address.

**V. L. L. R.**—(Whatever that means). You know, if you really wanted an answer soon, there is only one way of getting it. That is by sending a self-addressed envelope, with a stamp all licked and in the corner. The paralytic in "While New York Sleeps" was played by Marc MacDermott.

**AN ADORER OF RODOLPH VALENTINO**—I suppose all the girls will think this answer is meant for them. The star in "Once to Every Woman" was Dorothy Phillips. Rodolph played the villain. If you don't see your answer, A. A. O. R. V. (you use too long a "handle") it's because you looked for it two months ago instead of now.

**PEGGY**—Peggy what? For I must know in order to give you all those addresses. Yes, Clara Kimball Young is still in pictures, her latest being "A Worldly Madonna." Write to Cullen Landis at the Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Cal.

**FLO NELSON**—Now, Flo, surely you don't think I say so much about Rodolph on the answer page because I still like to talk about him? I answer the questions just as they come in, so if my page is all full of just one person, blame it on the fans who keep writing to me on the same subject.

**EMMA**—Where, Emma, did you learn to do that beautiful lettering? I am saving your letter because it is such a joy to look at it. Do I know how to say, "Je t'aime"? I certainly do—and I have often said it. *Je parle francais un peu*—and even *peuer* than that. In fact I know just enough French and just enough German to get them all mixed up—like this—*Je spreche francais*.

**BETTY BLACK EYES**—I see you're interested in Who's Who. Faire and Constance Binney are sisters, and Wilfred Lytell is Bert's brother. No, Marguerite Clark does not play in movies any more.

**ST. LOUIS WALLIE**—Well, the Wallie Reid admirers are back again. He is six feet one, weighs 170, and is a blond. He has been in movies since about 1913. He has been married about eight years; his son is five. You can write him for a photo at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

**DOROTHY MAE**—I will be glad to give you a list of Paramount's latest pictures and the leads in them by mail, but I haven't space here. You can find what you want to know by turning to the Paramount ad on the back cover of this issue.

**BETTY JANE**—The only address John Walker gives is Fox Studio, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood.

**CONSTANCE**—Mary Pickford is 29; Betty Compson and Carol Dempster do not give their ages.

**ALICE**—None of the players you mentioned has ever had a double page picture in "Movie Weekly."

**MARGIE**—Shame on you, Margie, for asking for all those addresses in the magazine. You know I haven't room for them. Tell me where to write you. "The Love of a Human Tiger Cat" is a fiction story written especially for "Movie Weekly." Wanda Hawley is Mrs. Burton Hawley.

**PEGGY HYLAND**—Are you the sister of Billy Hyland, on this page? Shirley Mason is Mrs. Bernard Durning and Viola Dana is the widow of John Collins. Franklin Farnum is "Mr. Edythe Walker." He is almost 39. Hoot Gibson is 30 and Jack Mower 32.

**JUST IN TIME**—For what? With all the questions about Ruth Roland that have come to me in your handwriting the last few months, I think you could write a book about her by now. We have already published a picture of her in the July 22, 1921 issue, which you can get from our Circulation Dept. for ten cents. She has brown hair and hazel eyes. Edward Hearn has just finished "The Heart Specialist" opposite Mary Miles Minter.

**WILLIE THE WEASEL**—With that name, you must be one of the "dirty dozen" or some such gang. The leads in "Shame" were played by John Gilbert and Doris Pawn. Write Dulcie Cooper at the Robertson-Cole Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood.

**MISS MOVIE WEEKLY**—I don't think that's a nice way to spell the name of the magazine. Lon Chaney is 39; his hobbies are athletics and cooking. I think he is married; he lives at 1575 Edgemont, Hollywood.

**DIMPLES III**—Have you had those same dimples in your family for three generations? Yes, Ruth Miller played in "The Sheik," as the slave girl. I think you must know by now the answers to all those questions you asked about Rodolph. If not, I will give you his history by mail at your request. No, Jane Hart is not William S.'s sister, nor is Justine Johnstone related to Edith Johnson. The latter's address is 1624 Hudson Ave., Hollywood.

**EFFIE G.**—Whose effigy are you? Fritzie Brunette's husband in "The Wife's Awakening" was Sam De Grasse.

**ONE OF OUR MOVIE WEEKLY READERS**—The heroine's child in "The Wild Goose" was played by Rita Rogan, and the Chinaman in "Dream Street" was Edward Piel.

**D. N. H.**—It's refreshing to get a letter from a man with your patience. "The Prisoner of Zenda" was released quite recently. Cullen Landis is still with Goldwyn; his next picture will be "The City Feller." No, we do not have copies of pictures that have appeared in "Movie Weekly." The only way to get these is to buy back numbers of the magazine for ten cents apiece from the Circulation Dept. Constance Talmadge's next release is "The Primitive Lover."

**ROBERT P.**—No, Constance Talmadge has no children. Neither has Jack Hoxie, so far as I know.

**MARIE IRIE**—No, Marie, I am not the same answer man you wrote to last year. I'm afraid Mary Pickford would not let you visit her studio; if she let you, she'd have to let all the other fans, and then her studio would be so crowded she'd have to stand on the ceiling or somewhere to make her pictures.

**JUST LILLIE**—A very appropriate name for Easter time. No, Hope Hampton is not married. She was born in Texas not so very many years ago. Write her at 1540 Broadway, New York. I don't suppose Rodolph will ever come to visit you; his adoring fans would probably cause a riot in his vicinity. Yes, he used to dance on the stage. Agnes Ayres is about 23; she is divorced from Frank Schuster. She was born in Chicago. She doesn't give her home address, but can be reached at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

**H. R.**—The only way I know for you to get a picture of Elsie Ferguson and Wallie Reid—or any other player—is to write them for the photographs. Those two stars will probably charge you a quarter. They can both be reached at the Lasky studio in Hollywood.





# Film-Flam



## Painting the Town Red

THEY have quaint ways of doing things in Spain—at least in some towns. Just suppose you were a young girl with lots of suitors (unless you don't need to suppose it), and all your adorers expressed their adoration by dabbing papa's house with red paint. How would that please you—and papa?

That is the explanation given Director John S. Robertson for the appearance of Vesa, a little village near Seville, where most of the exteriors for "Spanish Jade" were taken.

It seems that the young gallant of Vesa, when he wishes to declare his affection for a certain senorita, steals to her home in the still night and spashes a comet's tail of screaming vermillion on the white-washed walls of her house.

"Some of these young ladies seem to have quite a following," remarked David Powell, indicating one humble dwelling which looked like a futuristic artist's bad dream.

"Well," said the interpreter, "you know women like to keep up appearances, and there is really nothing to prevent their trying their hands with the paint brush themselves."

\* \* \* \* \*

## A Wise "Crack"

John Emerson and Anita Loos, the scenario couple, sat in their home in New York working on "Polly of the Follies." Suddenly they heard a cracking sound and a gash appeared in the ceiling, followed by a deluge of plaster.

"Well, what do you think of that," said Anita, "this scenario has brought down the house!"

\* \* \* \* \*

## Stuffing the Elephant

Now that Richard Barthelmess is a star, he often recalls the hard old days when he was looking for work as an extra. But hard as those times were, he got many a good laugh out of his day's work.

"There were more people in the business then than now who did not care about elevating the screen but were looking only for money. One day we learned that a group of wealthy men had formed a new company, so we all made a dash to the offices looking for work.

"We found that the company was going in for animal pictures and would have its own menagerie. While we were waiting anxiously to see if we could get parts in the picture, the representative of the Wall Street owners was summoned to the phone. He returned looking distressed and puzzled.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, 'the boss has gone and bought an elephant, and it's on the way to the lot. He told me to get stuff to feed it. Does anybody here know what elephants eat?'

"There was a pause while everyone thought. Finally someone had a bright idea, inspired by his visits to the circus.

"Peanuts," he suggested.

"Fine!" ejaculated the manager, beaming with relief. He turned to the office boy. 'Jimmie,' said he, 'go out and get a nickle's worth.'"

## Pity the Poor Guests

Miss Pauline Garon, who plays opposite Richard Barthelmess in "Sonny," is glad that she can cook. "Because," she explained, "then I can never be in the predicament of one of my convent chums after her marriage.

"She was giving a luncheon, and just as the time arrived to start cooking the food, the cook got a violent sick headache. Lying on her bed, the faithful servant gave her mistress detailed instructions as to what to do.

"Do you think you can get along all right, mum?" she inquired anxiously.

"Certainly, Bridget," the young wife said reassuringly. 'Don't you worry. But there are just two



"Just wait until you see me in my new Easter hat," says Mae Murray.

things you forgot to tell me. What kind of soap do I use to wash the lettuce? And do I fry the bacon in butter or lard?"

\* \* \* \* \*

## This Caps the Climax

Some of the actors who are at work in George Melford's production of "The Woman Who Walked Alone" have to wear plumes in their hats. The reason for the "Louis Quince" decoration is that these men are supposed to represent South African Mounted Police and South African Mounted Police seem to be a very vain lot, judging by their uniforms.

"It's a feather in my cap to work for you, George," grinned one of the actors, brushing off his hat with his sleeve.

## The Wearing of the Purple

Jack Holt returned home one day from the studio and found his young son, Tim, laughing gleefully, his face covered with blackberry jam.

"Good," shouted the youngster.

"Good?" answered "Papa" Jack, "how do you know it's good? You're not eating it—you're wearing it."

\* \* \* \* \*

## And Then She Gave Him the Gate

"I'm afraid we won't be able to land today," said one of the company making "The Dictator," as the steamer conveying them to San Francisco neared the city.

Lila Lee bit. "Why not?" she inquired.

"Why, you see," was the answer, "the Golden Gate May be closed."

A pulmotor was called for to revive the astonished Lila.

\* \* \* \* \*

## A Damsel in Distress

Pride goeth before a fall—or a wetting. This is one on Bebe Daniels.

It was a tent that was the cause of Bebe's pride; she and her mother shared the only tent with a board floor when the "North of the Rio Grande" company slept out on location 50 miles from Phoenix, Arizona.

Bebe felt very sorry for the poor men folks who were content with just ordinary tents instead of the real luxurious kind. And she was justly proud of her camp "palace."

But—the first night it rained. And while all the men in camp slept through it, all cozy and dry, the rain poured in bucketsful into the beautiful brunette's bedroom.

If the men in the company hadn't come so nobly to her rescue, Bebe might have had a tiny suspicion that the "operatives" who set up the tents had a touch of envy in their systems and that was why they hadn't properly fastened the guy ropes of her "palace." But with such a chivalrous group of men, she couldn't harbor that suspicion.

\* \* \* \* \*

## They Didn't Even Punish Him

"Many a schooner I have piloted across the bar," remarked an old salt reminiscently to the members of Wallie Reid's company making "The Dictator," as they returned from a cruise about San Francisco bay.

"What kind of a bar?" asked Wallie grinning—and the other members of the party quickly left the ship after that one.

A. M. T.

# REEL

WE BEG TO ANNOUNCE  
THE WINNER OF OUR  
BEAUTY CONTEST-ASPER  
SCHEDULE-ALLOW US TO  
PRESENT-OPHELIA NEKK  
OF DETROIT (F.O.B.)



# NOOZE

EDITED BY  
ED. WALSH

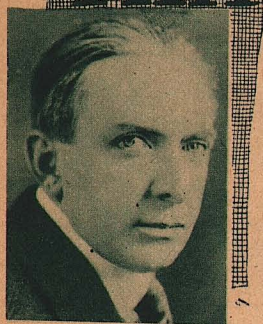
AMUSING, IF NOT INTERESTING FACTS  
ABOUT THE LADY

BORN—YES!  
AGE—SURE!!  
GIRTH OF RING FINGER—CERTAINLY!!!  
PREVIOUS VICTORIES—TOOK A CUP IN  
FRANCE BUT THEY MADE HER PUT IT BACK!



# Hints to Scenario Writers

## by Frederick Palmer



SCENARIO NOTE: Our readers are invited to write and ask us questions they may have in mind on screen writing. Please enclose stamped and addressed envelope.

### THE MECHANICS OF PHOTOPLAY WRITING

THERE is a large number of people in this world who could write photoplays, provided they possessed the technical knowledge necessary to enable them to put their ideas into the form of an interest-holding story.

For every type of writing—newspaper, magazine articles, short stories, novels, drama, the photoplay—there are certain rules which have grown out of the mass experience. These observations which, by general consent have been acknowledged as the best form in which to cast the material, are known as the rules or technique of the subject.

While people generally admit it is necessary to study journalism, advertising and so on, they seem to feel that story writers are born and not made, and that story writing cannot be taught.

In this they are partially correct. Photoplay writing, or any form of fiction writing, demands that the writer supply his own ideas as well as develop and express them; while in the writing of non-fiction, the facts are already existent and the writer needs but assemble and arrange them to the best advantage.

Story writers are born to this extent—they must be possessed of a creative imagination. By this I mean the ability to start with an idea and to enlarge and expand this idea into a story.

However, there are many people who have this qualification who, nevertheless, could never write a salable photoplay. And why? Because they could not bring their story out to the best advantage—it would become lost in a mass of unnecessary detail, or would be developed from the wrong angle, or the writer would give the ending away at the beginning of the story, thus destroying the interest, or the characters would be unlikable, or the situations would not follow logically one from the other. All these and many more are the faults that can be seen in stories written by persons without a knowledge of technique.

I have heard writers who have "arrived" rather sententiously tell amateurs that the only way to learn to write is to write. That is very true. If a person studied the laws of geometry and never tried to work out a problem, he would have but little knowledge of the subject. At the same time, if the person who has not learned how to write, attempts to do so by merely writing, he is apt to arrive at no definite place, but will find he has travelled in a circle, just as does a person who walks in a strange forest without a compass. Persons who have acquired the technique of writing, and with whom it has become second nature, are apt to forget that they did not always possess this knowledge.

In other words, there is a part to photoplay writing which is mechanical, and like anything that is mechanical, it can be learned if one has the patience and the desire to do so. Just as there are definite laws for building a house, or constructing a steel bridge, just so are there definite laws for building a story, and the person with creative imagination will find that, despite this native ability, he needs technique.

While undoubtedly there are some persons who are born story tellers in that they have a natural sense of the "dramatic," and who seem to know instinctively how to develop their material in order to make it most enthralling, yet the majority will find that they "arrive" more speedily by an analytical study and application of the laws governing photoplay writing.

### CONCERNING NAMES

There's the old saying, "What's in a name? A rose by any other name would be just as sweet," or something to that effect. That may be all very well in botany, but when it comes to christening your brain children, great care must be taken that irreparable injury is not done them.

While "Lizzie Snaggs" may be the very loveliest of heroines, your audience will doubt this and wonder just when she is going to turn into a comedienne; yet with a fitting cognomen, no one would doubt her position of heroine.

The reason for this is that audiences have become accustomed to having the names suggest the character of the various people in the story. An example of what not to do is the name given the villain in a short story I recently read. He was a man with a reputation for killing people and his chief aim throughout the story was to poison two of the main characters; and the author called him *Goodman*!

Of course, in writing a comedy, the more absurd and laugh-provoking names you can give the characters, the better.

Another thing to remember about naming the people in your photoplay is that no two names should be similar, as this would be confusing to the audience.

### "PROPAGANDA" NOT FILM MATERIAL

Everyone who writes photoplays is constantly analyzing his material and asking himself, "Is this a good story?" If he has had much experience in writing, he has become more or less a judge of what is, and what is not, story material.

The first requirement is that it be entertaining, and this is the point which I wish to stress. It is not enough that you find the subject of interest, but it must be one that will appeal to people in general. In fact, the greatest themes are said to be "universal," meaning that they do not depend for their "heart interest" upon any particular time, place, or race of people, but are as true today as when civilization was dawning.

Too many persons become wrapped up in some particular subject, and are so interested in it, that they wish to write a photoplay or story on the topic and so educate others. They forget that the audiences in a theatre are there to be amused, and that they will not remain there long unless they are.

Innumerable people have written me, "Wouldn't a photoplay based on astrology, thought transference, prohibition, thrift, so forth, and so on, make a good photoplay?" I do not say that these subjects or any of the others which have been suggested to me, would not make good material, as that would depend entirely on the way in which they were developed. If the writer can get away from the idea of preaching to others, of trying to educate them, of "talking down" to them, he might, by using such subjects as a theme, evolve a very interesting story. George Bernard Shaw says he writes plays because they are the only form in which he can get his ideas across; that he first wrote pamphlets and lectures, but as no one would read them, he was forced to "sugar coat" his ideas in the form of dramas.

While Shaw undoubtedly gets over his theories in this way, at the same time he never loses sight of the fact that his plays must be entertaining if he wishes people to read or see them.

If you can handle your material as cleverly as Mr. Shaw, you can safely put over whatever propaganda you are interested in, but it must be so cleverly disguised that your audience will not realize that they are seeing other than an absorbing story; and, as this is a very difficult thing to do, it is best to leave such subjects alone.

### Questions and Answers

(Q.) How many scenes does it take to make a five reel picture?

(A.) That is a matter which comes under the scope of the continuity writer and not the writer of the original story. It is difficult to ascertain the exact number of scenes in a continuity as they depend entirely upon the action. However, a five reel feature usually requires from three to four hundred and fifty scenes.

(Q.) Is it necessary to state in a synopsis when a closeup is desirable?

(A.) No, it is not necessary. In fact, it is undesirable, as the matter of closeups is left entirely to the continuity writer.

(Q.) Is the producer privileged to change the title of an accepted story?

(A.) That privilege usually goes with the purchase of a story, unless the author has an agreement with the producer to the effect that the title must not be changed. It is only through provisions of this kind that a producer does not usually use his own judgment in the matter of selecting a suitable title.

(Q.) I sold a story sometime ago and I have been watching the trade journals constantly for an announcement of its release, but I don't seem to be able to find anything at all pertaining to it. Can you suggest how I may learn when it is to be released?

(A.) We would suggest that you write to the producer to whom you sold the story and ask him when the picture will be released. It is possible that he has seen fit to change the title and therefore you would not recognize your story in looking it up in the trade journals. We are sure that he will be glad to tell you anything you wish to know about your story.

(Q.) Is it advisable for me to write the titles into my script as I work out my story in the detailed synopsis?—B. M.

(A.) A few spoken titles are a good thing in a detailed synopsis, as they not only help the characterization, but they help you to put over the big moments in the dramatic action. Titles that are interposed between scenes are never put in by the amateur, as these are strictly the work of the studio staff. Be careful not to overdo your spoken titles.

(Q.) How am I to know what comes under the ban of the censors and what will escape them?—H. F.

(A.) Your question is one that dozens of people would be glad to have solved for them. There is no certainty, as many towns and cities have their own rules. If you want to be sure of your work, then write something of which there is not the smallest doubt.

(Q.) Can you tell me if an editor will pay as much attention to a story that is briefly told as he will to one where a good deal of attention has been paid to the working out?—K. F. C.

(A.) The same attention is paid to all stories submitted to a studio, but very naturally the story that is the best told and has the action written in a vivid manner, together with good characterization, will make a better impression than a story that is very brief.

(Q.) If I write titles into my stories, will they be changed by the producer if the story is sold or can I be assured that my brain-storms will live?—M. V. T.

(A.) We are sorry to say that your "brain-storms" as you call them will, in all probability, be changed. It is more likely they would not suit the story in its production form. Do not let this worry you; your titles have done their work, they have helped you sell the story.

(Q.) Will you please tell me the proper form in which to submit a story to the scenario departments?—G. D.

(A.) Use a good grade of paper, size 8½ x 14, or 8½ x 11. Typewrite the story in double space. On the first sheet place the title of the story, and your name and address; on the second sheet place the cast of characters; next, the brief synopsis, and follow this by the detailed synopsis. Bind these sheets at the top.



# A Philanthropic Bank Burglar

by John W. Grey

**W**HEN Blackey opened the door to Morrissey's room and saw President Barker, of the Arlington National Bank of Philadelphia, he was stunned beyond expression. Fortunately, he had only opened the door but an inch or two, and neither Morrissey, who was still talking on the phone, nor Barker, whose back was to the door, saw him. He closed the door noiselessly and dashed up the stairs to the next floor, where he caught an elevator, and returned to the lobby.

He dropped into a chair in the corner, pulled his hat down over his eyes, and began to think. He was wondering what could have developed that had brought Barker over to New York to see Morrissey, and the more his mind dwelt on the matter, the more intricate it became to him. The only possible solution that he could create was that Morrissey had really obtained a definite clue of some kind.

At one time he decided that he wouldn't keep the engagement with the detective that had been made the night before, and then it dawned on him if he failed to keep the appointment that his failure to do so might possibly create suspicion. While he was in the midst of these thoughts, he happened to look over toward the elevator. He saw Barker and Morrissey stepping out of it, Barker with a small travelling bag in his hand. He heard Morrissey say: "Good-bye, Mr. Barker, see you in Philadelphia, Tuesday."

This relieved him and after Morrissey went up in the elevator, he took the next one and went direct to his room.

"Come in," said the detective when he knocked on the door.

"I'm a little late," declared Blackey.

"That's all right, Mr. Kennard. Have a seat. If you had arrived a few minutes earlier you would have met Mr. Barker, of the Arlington National Bank of Philadelphia. He brought me over something that may be of some help to us in solving the robbery."

"That's interesting," said Blackey rather curiously. "What is it?"

Morrissey went to his bag and took out a small two-ounce bottle. "This," he said as he handed the bottle to Blackey, "was found in the vault. I wish you would analyze it and let me know what it's composed of."

"I'll do it to-night and let you know in the morning," replied Blackey.

"Let me have the information before nine," the detective said. "I'm leaving for Philadelphia at ten."

Nine o'clock was striking when Blackey left the Knickerbocker. He went up Forty-Second Street and turned north on Fifth Avenue. He was in a fine mood as he rambled along with his head in the air, swinging his arms and taking the long, springy step of the athlete. There was a lot of fascination to him in the thought of having one of the world's greatest detectives on his trail. He smiled as he thought of how he was outwitting him, eluding him. "I shall play with him as a cat plays with a mouse."

When he reached the Hotel Plaza at Fifty-ninth Street, the habitat of New York's aristocracy, he entered and walked around the lobby for a moment or two. He peeked into the dining room, that was crowded with elaborately gowned women and men in evening dress. He smiled at them sardonically, as they sat at the tables and ate and drank and made merry in the luxury surfeited atmosphere.

As he stood there and looked at the diners, he thought once more of the terrible inequality of things in general, and he was more firmly convinced than ever that the road that he had chosen was the right one, even though society had decreed it to be the wrong one.

"If it's a crime to burglarize their banks," he murmured to himself, "it's a damn sight bigger crime to create a condition that causes so much poverty and suffering."

He crossed Fifty-ninth Street and continued up Fifth Avenue. When he neared Sixty-third Street, he was jarred out of his reverie by a mad, piercing scream that automatically halted him in his tracks. He stopped, looked and listened, trying to detect where it came from. In a second

## SYNOPSIS

Jack Kennard, a great athlete and a graduate of Yale school of Chemistry, utilizes his knowledge of chemistry to make a new liquid explosive with which he proposes to burglarize banks to get funds to build a hospital for his friend, Henry Haberly the noted neuro-pathologist, who is interested in reclaiming criminals by scientific methods. He rescues a crook from a policeman in Central Park and makes a pal of him. Together they plan the robbery of the Arlington National Bank of Philadelphia.

By a clever ruse they gain admission to the bank and bind and gag the watchman. Kennard then prepares to blow the vault open. They have just secured the money when they hear voices outside the door and have just time to hide when two policemen step into the bank. Jack covers them and Jimmy ties them up and places them with the watchman. After making their getaway they drive the car into the woods near Trenton. There Jack blows the car up and, after hiding the money they catch the train to New York.

They read about the robbery in the evening papers and see that Mike Morrissey, the famous detective, has been engaged on the case. While they are discussing this, Jack's friend, George Biddle, calls up and says that a Mr. Morrissey, a detective, would like to meet Jack.

Although he does not know what to make of this new development he goes to the Knickerbocker to meet them. He finds that Morrissey has heard of his fame as a chemist and wants him to try to analyze the new explosive which he believes has been used on the wrecked vault.

Later Jack and Jimmy go to Trenton to recover the money they have hidden and on the way back they ride a freight train. They get into a fight with three negro bandits and throw them off the train. They arrive in New York and Jack starts to keep his appointment with Morrissey.

he heard it again. Still he couldn't determine the exact spot whence it came. His nerves were tingling with suspense as he stood and waited for a repetition of the yell.

"What the hell can it be?" he muttered. "Not a murder, I hope."

The words had hardly left his lips when a woman's voice, alive with terror and fear, reached his ears again. "Oh God, oh God, please, please," and then an indistinct groan, a gurgle as though someone was being strangled to death. He put his left hand on the small three-foot wall preparing to vault it, when the agonized scream rent the night air louder and louder than before, and punctuated with: "For God's sake, let me go! Murder! Murder!"

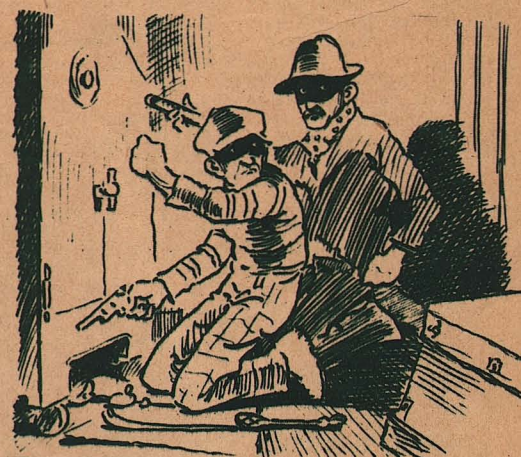
He vaulted the wall and plunged into the shrubbery with all the swiftness he was capable of. He had gone about twenty yards when he heard a faint "Oh." He pushed aside the brush and stepped into a little open space and found a big, burly negro attacking a girl.

When the big, black demon spied Blackey, he dropped her and started for him with a long, hideous-looking knife in his upraised hand. The girl uttered a blood-curdling scream and fell to the ground in a dead faint as the coon crashed the knife at Blackey's throat. Blackey was unarmed, so he closed in on the big negro, grabbing the hand that held the knife, while the nigger emitted the most violent oaths.

In the struggle, Blackey slipped and fell to the ground with the coon on top of him, though he didn't lose his grip on the hand with the knife. Over and over they rolled. Once or twice the big smoke got the knife within an inch of two of his throat and tried desperately to jab it into Blackey. Finally, with one last superhuman effort, he wrenched the knife out of his black antagonist's hand, struggled to his feet, pulled the nigger up after him, and hit him as hard as he could drive an uppercut flush on the chin.

The nigger's eyes grew hazy, his arms dropped to his side, and he fell to the ground with a dull thud, unconscious.

The girl had recovered in time to witness the ending of the battle. The defeat of the coon



probably gave her renewed courage, and as she stood there in the moonlight, hatless, hair disheveled, waist torn in shreds, and tears streaming down her face, Blackey, for the first time, noticed that she was young and quite pretty.

With a glance he took in the heavy coils of jet black hair, the finely moulded features, the delicately chisled scarlet like lips, her eyes, her form. He picked up her hat and handed it to her as a cop came through the bush, followed by a crowd of citizens who had been attracted by the screams.

"You're perfectly wonderful, wonderful. You've saved my life and how am I ever to repay you? I—" she burst into tears and became hysterical while Blackey tried to soothe her.

When she had regained her composure, Blackey volunteered to escort her home.

"Shall I call a taxi?"

"No, thank you," she replied. "I live but a block or two. Twelve, East Sixty-third Street."

As they walked out of the park, every other word was an expression of gratitude.

"It was perfectly wonderful of you," she kept repeating.

"You must forget about it," said Blackey.

"And you haven't even told me your name?"

"Kennard, Jack Kennard. And yours?"

"Evelyn Galley."

"Galley?" repeated Blackey. "Miss Galley, of the Metropolitan Opera?"

"Yes; but I'm afraid that it will be some time before I'm able to sing after this ordeal to-night."

When they reached her home, she insisted on Blackey coming in.

"You must meet my father."

Her father, Jim Galley, was the well-known New York politician who made and broke politicians over night. "Big Jim," as he was called, was the dictator of the New York political machine. What he said went, and it was commonly rumored that he was to be the Democratic Party's next candidate for Governor. He was a diamond in the rough, a patron of sports, an all-round good fellow, who had come up from the ranks of poverty and privation by virtue of his ability to plan and organize and handle men. Evelyn was his only child. He worshipped and adored her as one would a saint. He had watched her blossom, step by step, into beautiful womanhood, and then when he saw that she had inherited the musical and vocal tendencies of her mother, who had died when she was quite young, he sent her abroad to be tutored by the best masters of the Old World.

In the last analysis, life to Big Jim Galley meant Evelyn, he was wrapped up in her, body and soul, and when she subsequently became the premier prima donna at the Metropolitan, his adoration knew no bounds. Every time she sang he was there. Then, after the opera, he went back stage and waited for her, and took her out to supper. She, on the other hand, worshipped him devotedly, and if any of her admirers, who were legion, proposed an After-the-Opera party, she brought her "Big Sweetheart," as she called him, along. They were inseparable.

When her father entered the parlor, he immediately noticed the condition of her hair, the torn



waist and the scratches on her face. He hurried across the room, drew her to his breast and exclaimed excitedly:

"What's happened dear? What's happened?"

Between sobs and tears she related the story of her experience and how Blackey rescued her.

He was visibly affected. His big body shook with emotion, and there was a quiver to his voice when he grabbed Blackey's hand and said:

"Mr. Kennard, words won't tell the story of my feelings and my gratitude. If anything happened to Evelyn, there wouldn't be much in life for me. All I can say is that I owe you my life."

"I was glad to have had the opportunity to have been of service to your daughter, Mr. Galley. I only did what any red-blooded man would have done."

The tears were streaming down "Big Jim's" face as he continued:

"I hope you come to me some day for a favor. If there is anything in the State of New York that you want, say the word and you shall have it. I owe you my life."

When Blackey left the house, all Evelyn did was to talk about him.

"Isn't he wonderful looking, papa?" she asked.

"Great!" he replied. "What business did he say he was in?"

"He's a chemist. We must have him over to dinner. I think he's charming; so manly and strong. I wish you could have seen him beat that terrible negro——" She became hysterical, and began to cry as her father led her off to her room after he had summoned her maid.

When Blackey arrived at his apartment, Henry phoned him asking him to meet him at the Astor Grill.

"I want to see you right away. Very important. Will you come down?"

"In ten minutes," replied Blackey.

He gave Jimmy a brief outline of his experiences with the nigger, and then left for the Astor. He found Henry off by himself in a corner of the grill, looking like a man that was going to be electrocuted.

"What's up, Henry?"

"What's up?" repeated Henry. "Everything is up, including me. Read this."

He handed Blackey a letter, the letter that Blackey had had Jimmy write when they sent Henry the \$175,000 which came out of the Arlington National Bank. He read:

DEAR PROFESSOR HABERLY: Enclosed you will find \$175,000. I have learned that you are interested in reclaiming criminals by scientific methods, and that you have been unable to go on with this perfectly laudable undertaking, primarily because of the fact that you have been unable to interest people of means in the project. I want to help finance the building of a hospital, so you may be able to carry on your wonderful work. More funds will be forthcoming later on. This is only my first donation. Will you please publish in the personal columns of the World just how much money you will require, and then I shall see that you get it. Say nothing to anybody about this matter.

FRISCO BLACKEY.

"Wonderful," exclaimed Blackey when he had finished reading the letter. "Wonderful!" he repeated.

"I should say so," declared Henry. "But why, I wonder, does he want his identity kept secret? Why don't he come and talk with me personally? What's your opinion of it?"

"I haven't any possible solution to offer," Blackey replied. "I'm as much at sea as you are. How did you receive the money, check or cash?"

"It was delivered to me by a bonded messenger," replied Henry. "All in cash, big bills, and the damn messenger couldn't give me any description of the sender."

"Mysterious and interesting," grunted Blackey. He longed to open up and tell Henry everything, knowing that if he did so, Henry, in all probability, would approve of everything that he had done and intended doing. He didn't want to compromise him in the event of anything happening later on, so he said nothing.



THE Chelsea National Bank at Twenty-fourth Street and Sixth Avenue, was considered one of the strongest, as well as one of the wealthiest banks in New York City.

For twenty years or more, the bank burglars of the old school, fellows like Jimmy Hope, Mark Shimburn and Big Frank McCoy, had looked at it with longing eyes, looked at it, and then passed on to easier prey. It had therefore acquired a reputation in the underworld of New York as being "unbeatable."

For fifteen years Tom Reilly had guarded its treasures at night. For fifteen long years he had punched the watchman's clock in the big, tomb-like building, in which no human being, except himself, ever entered after the doors closed at four o'clock. Every night of those fifteen years his good wife, Mary, carried his supper to him from their little home on Tenth Avenue and Twenty-fifth Street, but a few blocks away.

At eleven-thirty every night, Mary rapped on the big iron door and handed Tom his lunch. Every night Tom embraced her as she left, but he never let

her on the inside of the bank. He kissed her as she stood on the steps and bade her good night.

Frisko Blackey happened to pass the bank one night, on his way home from the laboratory, and when he saw Mary knocking on the door, he hesitated a moment. He heard the bolts being pushed back, saw the door open, saw her hand in the supper pail, receive her kiss, and then wend her way home.

The next night he was in the vicinity of the bank again, and he witnessed the same procedure, the knocking on the door, the handing in of the supper pail, the embrace and then the old lady wending her way homeward.

For a week or more he watched Mary deliver the pail, and he noted that she never varied three minutes during the week, it was always eleven twenty-five to eleven twenty-eight. He also noted that she invariably traversed the same route every night so he decided that the Chelsea National was a fine "mark."

First of all the location was ideal. The elevated trains rambled overhead all night long. Their noise would detract from the noise and the explosions in the vault, which would probably not be heard on the outside as the interior of the bank was so huge. After midnight the streets were deserted save for an occasional straggler on his way home, or a policeman or two on their way to and from the Seventeenth Precinct station house a block away.

"It's a big dump," said Jimmy when Blackey took him down to look the job over.

"The largest bank in New York," replied Blackey.

"Got a Harlan Time Lock pete in it?"

"Yes, Jimmy, a big one."

"One of them burglar-proof ones, I guess," laughed Jimmy.

"Yep," continued Blackey, "just about as burglar-proof as that one that we blasted open over in the Arlington National Bank."

"What a noise those guys have got saying that those time lock petes are burglar-proof!" grunted Jimmy.

"They have got a Pinkerton sign on the bank door."

"Do they think that the Pinkerton signs will keep the grifters away from the jug?" inquired Jimmy.

"Possibly," retorted Blackey.

"Ha," grunted Jimmy. "That gives me a laugh. They might as well stick a Uneda biscuit sign on the door."

"Now, now, Jimmy," remonstrated Blackey. "Get the idea out of your head that the Pinkertons are a joke. The Pinks are clever fellows. The crooks who figure that all dicks are boobs usually wind up doing life on the installment plan. As a matter of fact, there are just as many clever dicks as there are clever thieves. Don't forget that, old boy."

"I guess y're right," replied Jimmy.

Blackey looked up Sixth Avenue and spied the ever-faithful and punctual Mary coming down the street with the supper pail.

"Here she comes, Jimmy. Take a good look at her. Note her walk and what she is wearing. We've got to duplicate those clothes. Observe her closely, because you're going to be Mrs. Reilly before this bank is robbed."

"What a fine looking broad I'll make!" laughed Jimmy.

"And think of the nice kiss that the bank watchman will give you when you hand him the supper pail!" exclaimed Blackey.

"I'll kiss anything from a dinge down to get on the inside of that jug, believe me," Jimmy replied.

Mary was a perfectly methodical old Irish lady. She never varied the gait and she always walked on the same side of the street. She always wore the same little black bonnet, a black skirt and a little brown shawl.

"And y' want me to git a rig to look like that nice, little, gray-haired mom?"

"That's the idea," said Blackey.

"I got y'," said Jimmy.

They followed Mary to her home on Tenth Avenue, and then returned to the apartment.

"When do you figure on pulling this Chelsea job?" Jimmy inquired.

"Saturday night," replied Blackey.

"Saturday night?" repeated Jimmy. "Why Saturday night?"

"It's going to be a much harder job than the Arlington Bank," said Blackey. "We may require more time, possibly ten or twelve hours. If we tried it any other night, we might lose out."

"Why is it going to be harder than the Arlington job?"

"We've got a much bigger vault and a much bigger safe to open. The Arlington vault was an old one, while this vault in the Chelsea Bank is an up-to-date one with a lot of gingerbread on it."

"What's gingerbread?"

"Gingerbread," continued Blackey, "in the vernacular of the cracksmen, means clamps and wheels, extra bolts and cross bars."

"You want to go up against it Saturday night so that we can work on it Sunday if we have to, is that the idea?"

"That's the idea," declared Blackey. "This is Thursday. We've got three days in which to get ready. Go downtown in the morning, get your shawl, skirt and bonnet, and don't forget the grey wig. If any questions are asked, you can say that you're going to impersonate an old woman in an amateur theatrical performance."

The next day, Jimmy came home with the feminine regalia, and Blackey rehearsed him in the part that he had to play. He put him through the stunts for three or four hours Friday and Saturday, so that when Jimmy got ready Saturday night, he felt like an old lady sure enough.

"We've got to borrow an automobile for a while, and I don't know of any better place to get one than over in front of the Plaza," said Blackey.

Saturday night, about nine o'clock, they drove off with a Cadillac coupe that they found on the Fifth Avenue side of the Plaza Hotel.

Jimmy didn't get the idea of a car being necessary, so he began to shoot questions at Blackey as they rambled down Sixth Avenue.

"Why the car, Blackey?"

"The car," replied Blackey, "is for Mrs. Reilly to repose in after we've kidnapped her. When she comes out of the house tonight we'll grab her, tie her up, gag her and then take the supper pail. You will go to the bank and knock on the door; when old man Reilly opens the door, stick your gun in his stomach and shove him inside."

Jimmy's face lighted up with a smile of understanding.

At eleven o'clock they were in the vicinity of the Reilly home on Tenth Avenue. On her way to the bank, the old lady had to pass a vacant lot. Blackey pulled the car up in front of the lot and waited for her to come along. About eleven-twenty she put in an appearance. When she got in front of the lot, Blackey stepped out of the car and picked her up in his arms as she fought and screamed. Once inside the car, they tied her up as gently as possible and put a gag in her mouth.

"We won't hurt you, Mrs. Reilly," said Blackey rather considerably. "Just keep quiet like a good old lady and everything will be all right."

At Twenty-fifth Street and Sixth Avenue, he dropped Jimmy off with the supper pail. He smiled as he looked at him walking up the avenue toward the bank with the pail, the bonnet, the skirt, the wig and the brown shawl. From a distance he certainly looked like the real Mrs. Reilly.

He parked the car across the street from the bank and hurried up the steps, as Reilly opened the bank door. Before he had got to the door, Jimmy had stuck his gun in the watchman's stomach and pushed him inside. They bound and gagged him immediately, whereupon Blackey dashed out to the car, picked up Mrs. Reilly and carried her into the bank.

Within ten minutes they were at work on the big steel vault. Blackey had just begun to drill it when he noticed that one of the force cross bars wasn't pushed into the socket, and upon investigating, he found that the vault was open. The careless cashier or some other official, evidently had forgotten to lock it.

"Well, I'll be damned!" exclaimed Jimmy. "What do y' think of that?"

"Just an accident," replied Blackey. "You might go in a hundred banks and never find another vault open. However, it means so much less work."

"Maybe the pete's open," grunted Jimmy rather excitedly.

"No such luck," snapped Blackey as he pulled open the big vault door and stepped inside the vault. The time lock pete was locked. Within a few minutes Blackey had the first charge of the liquid explosive in it and the first sheeting came flying off with a crash and a dull, muffled like explosion.

As he was applying the sixth shot on the last sheeting, Jimmy interrupted him. "What's that noise?"

They hurried out of the vault to investigate, but found nothing to warrant Jimmy's suspicions.

"What's the matter with you?" snapped Blackey.

"Are you getting rattled?"

"I could have sworn that I heard a noise," whispered Jimmy.

Blackey got down on his knees in front of the time lock pete and resumed his work. He noticed that Jimmy was extremely nervous, and once or twice he kidded him about it, saying:

"I think this racket is too strong for your nerves, Jimmy. I'll have to leave you home the next time I go out."

"Come on, come on," grunted Jimmy. "Quit your kidding. It's some racket, but I guess I can stand it, old pardner."

The sixth explosion blasted off the last sheeting on the big door. There now remained the so-called burglar-proof "kiester," the toughest part of the whole job.

For an hour or more they applied shot after shot, making twenty in all.

"One more shot, Jimmy, and it will be all over. Hand me that——"

Jimmy interrupted him again:

"What the hell is that noise, Blackey?" he whispered in a voice alive with emotion. "I tell y' I heard something. I——"

"Keep quiet!" barked Blackey as he got up off his knees and started to put the light out in the vault. "Are y——"

Before he could finish the sentence, there was a scream and the vault door was slammed too with a terrific crash. They were caught in the vault; caught like rats in a trap.

(Continued next week)



# A Fiery Romance of Love

by Montanye Perry

**R**ELUCTANTLY, his lips tightened in a grim line to keep back the flood of protest, Jerry turned in the direction the officer indicated. And suddenly, from the green bank just beyond the sign-board a man sprang up—a man in the grayish green uniform of a naval aviator.

"Jerry!" he yelled.  
"Pete!"

Inarticulate, joyous, they pumped each other's arms up and down, babbling foolish nothings. Three years stretched between them, and back of these years were memories, hateful, tender, ghastly, humorous, poignant memories, crowding one another breathlessly.

For a moment the officer looked on with kindly indulgence. Then, "Sorry, lad, we'll have to be movin'," he reminded.

Jerry's mind came back to the present and its difficulties. "See here, Pete," he said. "Can you get me out of this? You see, I borrowed this cycle this morning, and—and they think I was *stealing* it. I had to have it—matter of life and death, almost, and I didn't stop to think—I just jumped on and hit 'er up—and now I'm pinched, and—"

"Same old Jerry!" broke in Pete. "You never will grow up. Need a guardian worse than ever!" He turned away from Jerry and addressed the officer. "Listen, Pat," he said. "I'll vouch for my friend here. He's reckless but he's *not* a criminal. And when a man's covered as many miles of the enemy's territory as he has, on motorcycles, snatching anything in sight if his own little machine got wrecked with a shell, it gets to be second nature to grab something and start, in an emergency. You see that, don't you?"

"But we've had orders," began Pat, half-heartedly, his sense of duty pitted against his inclination. "I don't see how I can fix it up."

"You found this Indian, abandoned, by the roadside. You picked it up, and ran it up to headquarters. That's easy enough."

"Well, of course, you being an officer, and known to us all down here, makes a difference. But you know if it ever got out—"

"It won't," both cut in, in joyous concert.

"Well, my life's in your hands," he declared and mounted the cycle. "Better than walkin', I'll say," he yelled back at them.

"Well, that's *that*!" said Lieutenant Peter Fenton. "Let's sit down here and talk. I was waiting for somebody to come along and give me a lift. And to think you should come by! Thinking of you just this morning."

"Lord! I've shut my eyes a million times and seen old Dunkeque," sighed Jerry. "Those nights you took me up with you—sailing with the clouds, flirting with the moon, leaving all the awful, bloody mess way down below, so far it seemed for a blessed little while as if it wasn't there at all! And you're still in?"

"Yep. Naval Air Station. Rockaway. Rode up here this afternoon with a guy who suddenly developed a craze to go to town, and dumped me here to catch a ride back. Along comes you. Well, let's hike down to the station. Don't mind walking when I have company. I'll show you my place and we'll have dinner and then I'll give you a nice little ride up to the moon."

"But I can't. I've got to find a girl that—"

"Oh, Jerry, Jerry, Jerry!" Forget it for once. A girl, of course! Can't you let her have one solitary evening? Do her good. Like you all the better tomorrow night."

"Oh, shut up. Nothing like that. Listen!"

Breathlessly he poured out the story of his day. By the time he finished his listener was rocking with unholly glee.

"You poor nut!" he chuckled. "Don't you see the way it was? You need a guardian just as much as you ever did. That girl wasn't being kidnapped, my child. She was eloping."

"Eloping? Nonsense! Does a man grab a girl by the hair and drag her into a car to elope with her?"

"Certainly he does, if it is to lend plausibility to a thing that has been planned. Did she show any fright, any nervousness? You said yourself she didn't. Did she let you take her home? She

## SYNOPSIS

Doris Dalrymple, beautiful screen star, meets a young man, Jerry Griswold, former soldier, who is now out of work. He tells of his ambitions and she sympathizes with him.

She then starts back to where her company is staging the next scene, and Jerry, following her with his eyes, sees her picked up by a man in a yellow racer and thinks she is kidnapped. In reality, she is merely taken up by one of the players in a scene they are working on, but Jerry, not knowing this, steals a motorcycle standing near and follows the yellow car.

Doris and her companion stop their car and the man goes into a store, while Jerry following on his machine, perceives his advantage, and snatching Doris, dashes away just as Jimpsey comes out of the doorway. He also thinks Doris is being kidnapped and, in turn follows the fleeing motorcycle.

Jerry, eluding Jimpsey, brings Doris to the city and she leaves him at a corner, refusing to allow him to see her home. He is on the point of turning away, when Doris is snatched into a big, blue car standing on the side street, which immediately dashes off, with Jerry in grim pursuit.

Jerry, still following is arrested for speeding and loses the blue car entirely.

Doris is taken to a lighthouse on a lonely island, where the wife of the lighthouse keeper recognizes her as a motion picture star, and sees that they have kidnapped the wrong girl.

She is treated kindly but after supper is told that she must be locked in her room. Later she escapes from the window and hides down on the beach, where she sees another girl whose motor boat has run out of gas and they plan to steal some from the lighthouse.

Jerry, in the meantime is arrested for having stolen the motorcycle. He tries to explain to the policemen but the latter refuses to listen.

did not! She knew the man would be waiting in the offing for her—and he was. You saw him. Cheer up! The beautiful maiden is now with her clever and resourceful lover."

"But why didn't she tell me, then?"

"My gentle, trusting lad, sometime it will dawn on your youthful mind that the female of the species always has a little time to play around with a handsome hero who's smitten with her charm. Now think it over. Was the girl scared or nervous or upset? Wasn't she sitting all alone in the little yellow car, calmly waiting for her abductor to come back and go on abducting her? Would she have insisted on leaving your knightly protection and walking home alone if she hadn't been expecting, rather than fearing someone?"

"But she was such a nice girl!" Jerry protested stubbornly.

"I grant you that. Nice girls have been known to elope. Come along and eat and go for a little spin down the milky way."

"Oh, all right!" consented Jerry, falling into step beside his friend. Probably old Pete was right, he thought. What a fool he'd been not to see through it. And yet—and yet—

The brown eyes of the girl seemed to be looking at him through their curling fringe of lashes, wistfully, reproachfully. Almost, he could hear her voice calling, and its sweetness held a note of fear and dread.

It was pleasant down at Rockaway, meeting a bunch of young officers, dining at a table that overlooked a bay where white sails drifted lazily on a tinted sea, where motor-craft scudded restlessly up and down, where a hydroplane lettered U-24 waited serenely for its chance to forsake the opalescent waters for the rainbow-hued skies.

"Jove, but it's good to see you again!" declared Jerry—and thought how exactly that western cloud bank matched his rose-girl's frock.

"That chap can sure make his guitar talk!" he declared again—and remembered how the rose-girl's laughter had rippled out with just that cunning, tinkly sound.

Even when the plane, under the skillful hands



of Lieutenant Fenton, soared to its place among the stars, the spirits of Jerry refused to soar with it. His body sat beside his chum, his lips prattled restlessly of old days and old adventures, but his mind remained below, wondering, searching, listening, unable to free itself from doubt and apprehension.

Below them the waters darkened to a grayish blue. Lights came out everywhere. Long rows of jewels girdling the curving shores; flaming eruptions of beach resorts; rosy squares of radiance that spelled homes. Far out on a tower a blazing eye began to wink with monotonous rhythm.

"Graystone Light," said Fenton, circling above it. "I used to drop down there occasionally, throw off an anchor and fish awhile. Nice smooth water on the east, but a nasty lot of submerged rocks on the other side. Jolly, sociable chap was there for awhile and his wife would cook the fish and bake some potatoes. But a new man was appointed and he enforces the 'no landing' injunction to the letter. Surly looking villain. Think of a man choosing to live a life like that!"

"Good place for one who longs for peace," said Jerry absently. Again, his mind had gone to the girl. He could not shake off the feeling of having failed her. For once, he was glad when his friend announced that it was time to get back to headquarters and brought the plane, like a homing gull, to its abiding place.

"Come on up to my room. I've got a pretty good radio outfit and we can listen in on the universe," invited Fenton. "You may as well stay here with me. There's an extra cot."

"Thanks. But—of course, I'm a fool—" he hesitated, and Fenton smiled indulgently.

"Yes, of course you're a fool," he agreed with cheerful composure. "You feel that you should go roaming up and down the island looking for the eloping lady. Well, wait until morning. Things look different by daylight. This moon is enough to make any man foolish."

Up in Fenton's room Jerry moved restlessly about while his friend made an attachment or two, pressed a lever, turned a knob, adjusted a headpiece, scowled, made another adjustment, then settled contentedly to listen.

"Just dot-and-dash stuff now," he said, reaching for pad and pencil. "I'll let you know when any phone stuff comes through. We get a lot of it a little later, lectures and jazz and—"

He broke off, and began to scowl, evidently concentrating on something. There was about him an air of suppressed excitement which communicated itself to the restless Jerry, who paused in his pacing the room and watched intently.

"By Jove!" muttered Fenton, once. And then, "of all the unbelievable... hm-m-m-m... who'd think... Great Scott!"

He sprang to his feet, looking at Jerry with a curious intensity. "It sounds too wild to be true," he said. "but I believe I've found your girl. Yes—wait. That was Graystone Light sending. I know their call—KCKW. I knew the other fellow had a set out there. Evidently this guy can work it. He was sending to someone who was watching out for the message, of course. I'll say he took a chance, for anyone on the same wave length can get it. But there's one chance



in a million of anyone picking it up who would know what he meant."

"Well, what did he mean? What did he say?" demanded Jerry.

"He said, Mistake made. Have wrong girl. She knows too much to make release safe. What shall I do? Something tells me, old man, that it's your little friend he's referring to."

"Something tells me I'm going after her now!" yelled Jerry, starting for the door.

"But look here, you can't! It's army property. It can't be done! I can't let you!" Fenton was dashing after Jerry, throwing the sentences out in sharp little explosions.

"You can't stop me, you mean," Jerry shouted back. He was in the row boat now, sending it with swift strokes out toward the plane.

"Don't be a mad fool! You'll ruin me," danced Fenton on the shore.

"I won't hurt the plane. Bring it back before morning," retorted Jerry, casting the boat adrift as he leaped into the hydroplane.



IF the girl in the motor boat was a surprise to Doris, Doris herself was no less a surprise to her visitor. She had changed back to her own clothing before her escape from the room, so she stood now, a dainty winsome thing in the pink frock which had somehow escaped rents or smudges, holding out a hand to help her amazing visitor from the boat.

"Who are you? Where did you come from? What are you here for? Can we get away?" The questions tumbled from the lips of Doris in an anxious flood. The other girl laughed a little.

"Jean Martin. Came from home—over there on the South Shore. Was out, like a fool, without gas enough. Had to row with the tide. Thought I could get gas here. We can't get away without it. Now, I've told it all. What about you? Sitting on a rock at midnight in mid-ocean, looking like a debutante at an afternoon tea. I always understood mermaids wore pale green and had sea-weed hair, and—distinctly not two silk-stocking legs!"

In spite of her anxiety, Doris laughed. There was something very fresh and wholesome about the girl, feminine to her finger tips in spite of the knickers and the dark, rough Norfolk coat.

"I like you!" declared Doris. "I'm Doris Dalrymple, and—"

But she got no further than that. The girl gave a little, ecstatic cry of interruption. "Of course you are! I knew I had seen you before—but how could I think where? Would anyone expect to find their favorite, adorable star cast up on an island without so much as a Man Friday in sight? And I've been blaming the devil because my gas gave out! It was an act of Providence! I don't care if we never leave here."

"You will when I tell you. We're in danger—really awful danger, I'm afraid. If we can't do any better, we must get in your boat and row away."

"We can't row toward land in the face of the tide, and it's a bit precarious for two lone females to row out to open sea without so much as a sandwich or a flask between 'em. What's the danger, anyhow? Pirates in the lighthouse? Do they keep a bear to eat little girls?"

"It isn't a joke." Briefly, hurriedly, Doris outlined the events of her day. "They must have been after a rich girl, to hold for ransom, you see," she finished. "And by some mistake they got me. And now they're afraid to keep me and afraid to let me go. If it hadn't been for the woman, I know that man would have—"

She broke off, shuddering, on the verge of collapse now that someone had come to share the burden, after her long hours of solitary fear and dread. And instantly Jean Martin proved herself a person of decision and of action.

"Here, here," she said, with brisk authority, "don't lose your nerve now, after you've been so wonderful. As you say, we can row out to sea. Somebody'd pick us up, of course. My folks think I'm spending the night with a friend, but in the morning they'll find out, and there'll be a fleet of boats searching the sound. But we've got to have some water, at least. Is there a well on the island?"

"The pump is in the kitchen. I could see it from the table where I ate my supper. And I remember a small can marked gasoline on the balcony," she finished. "Oh, and I quite forgot! The man's boat! We could take it."

"Not one chance in a hundred I could run it—I'm just an amateur, not supposed to go out alone. Then we'd have to take the chance of being seen crossing the rocks and getting down to it. And it may be low in gas. No, I'd rather trust to rowing my own little ship. But this gas on the balcony—that's our best stunt. If we can get that—how big is the can?"

"A gallon I think. But it may not be full of course. I just happened to notice it. And I don't see how we can get it. That man may be awake—he's such an awful beast! It would be better to row," she finished desperately.

"Now look here, child. I know something about boats and the sea, and the weather. It's going to storm tomorrow—notice how the moon flashes in and out of the clouds tonight? It's going to be noon probably before anybody realizes I've disappeared with my little boat. And lastly, you evil friend here may have the brilliant idea of starting out with his little motor to find us, and I wouldn't put it past Fate to send him skittering straight down on our trail. I don't seem to fancy meeting up with him on a solitary sea! No, the least hazardous thing is for me to go up after the gas. If the can is even half full I can make shore."

"No." Once more Doris was her resourceful, intrepid self. "If either of us goes, I'm the one. I know exactly where the can is, so I can find it instantly. I can take advantage of the moon's absence under a cloud, where you'd have to wait for light. And then I'm accustomed to climbing and crawling and making all sorts of get-aways."

"I'll say you are! To think of the nights I've lain awake, imagining myself in a thrilling picture with you. Wishing I could take part in any wild and thrilly scene. And now I'm doing it, and it's real life instead of reel life, if you get what I mean."

"I do," laughed Doris. "Well, I'll start now. I'll

get the gas, and if the kitchen is open, shall I try for water?"

"M-m-m," considered the girl. "You can't pump it, of course, they'd hear. No, if the can seems to be even half full of gas just make your getaway with it. Don't take any chances."

"I'll take off these silly, clattering pumps," Doris said. "Look here!" A sudden inspiration had seized Jean.

"You'd do a lot better in these things of mine. Climb easier, and everything. Then if the man should wake and see you, it would throw him off his trail. He'd think it was a boy, be dazed—and—don't you see?" she finished, excited and eager.

"I believe you're hoping he'll wake up! I hereby engage you to write my next serial," declared Doris. Youth had resumed its sway of courage and optimism in the hearts of the two girls. Hurrying, trembling with eagerness, even giggling a little, they made the exchange. Then Doris, a slim, boyish figure now, set forth on her expedition, while the moon was hidden by a friendly cloud. Jean in the pink frock, seated herself in the boat.

"I'll be all ready to push off if you come back with the villain pursuing you," she said gaily.

The moon hid its face until Doris reached the top of the ladder, then came out again. In its light she could see the cann setting on the floor of the balcony. So she picked up the can and was almost back to the ladder when a sound within the house brought her to a stop, while a fear which was absolutely paralyzing for the moment, clutched at her whole being.

A heavy step was crossing the floor of the room just inside, coming straight toward her!

Like a flash came the impulse to drop the can and dart down the ladder, but her ready wit came to her rescue. He would see her, would overtake her . . .

Quickly she turned toward the man who came striding toward her. She hung her head, with its rough cap pulled well down over her bright hair, as if she were afraid to meet his eyes.

"I'm sorry, mister," she said, "I got stalled, and I needed gas, and I come up and seen this—I meant to bring it back to you, honest I did."

"Hm-m-m. Where's your boat?" demanded the man. "Down by that little pebbly place. If you'll just let me take the can of gas I'll return it within twenty-four hours."

"I'll go down and fill your tank. Then you won't have to return the can, and of course, you're welcome to a bit of gas."

Doris felt her heart go plunk into the rubber-soled, boyish shoes she wore. Bravely she spared for time.

"Thank you, sir. I wonder if you'd be so good as to give me a can of water? I spilled all I had."

"Sure. Come in and pump it in the kitchen."

There was nothing to do but follow him into the kitchen. So far, he seemed to suspect nothing. He struck a match, and lighted a lamp while Doris crossed to the pump, turned her back to him and began working the pump handle experimentally.

"I'll give you a fruit jar with a tight cover," he offered good-naturedly. "I know what it is to go fishing all night. The missus has some up here on the top shelf of the closet."

There was a big closet at one side of the kitchen. He lifted a wooden chair into it, and stood on it, exploring, his head thrust forward, absorbed in his quest. And Doris, daring to look now that his back was turned, suddenly saw something that sent her forward on swift, silent little feet.

The closet door had a heavy bolt!

It was the work of a second to slam the door shut and slip the bolt into place. Doris, chuckling with glee, filled a pail with water, took the can of gasoline and ran back across the rocks, exulting over the story she had to tell.

Down to the little beach she sped, watching her steps so carefully that she noticed nothing amiss until she stood on the pebbles where the boat had lain. There she stopped, rubbing her eyes, unable to believe what they told her.

"Why—why—it can't be!" she said aloud.

For the girl was gone. The boat was gone. There was absolutely nothing within sight but the gray stretches of water, and the jagged outlines of rocks.



HERE was not the slightest doubt in Jerry Griswold's mind, as he took his impetuous flight through the air, that the Fates were smiling on him. What he had taken for bad luck had really proven to be the best possible fortune. If he hadn't found old Pete he wouldn't have had access to a plane, nor heard the message that had gone singing through the air. All was well! He didn't know just how he was to get the girl off the island, but a way would open—ways always did open for him.

So triumphant, exulting, he came to a point above the tower, and circled it, low enough to enable him to scan everything closely.

There—it was too incredibly, miraculously wonderful to be true!—she sat, in a tiny cove on the eastern side of the island, in a boat, oars in hand, as if waiting for him. Yes, she was looking up now, and waving a white arm.

He shut off the engine and descended soundlessly, as near as he dared. "Row out here, quick," he called softly.

"Wait. I have to bring the other girl," her voice came back.

"Wait nothing! Every second counts. Do as I tell you. I know what I'm about. There's a light just gone on in the lower floor of the lighthouse. Come on."

Instantly the girl put out to him with swift steady strokes. And just then the moon decided to slip out of sight. "Not too close," he warned. "Creep along—that's it. Now!"

"But we've got to wait," she protested, "you see—"

"I—that I'm here to take care of you," he interrupted. "You can talk after you're in here with me."

Swift and sure as a bird the plane skimmed the water, rose and was off, up and up, to the stars, she thought, gasping in the new sensations of her flight, utterly unable to speak, in those first dizzying minutes. The moon decided to show her face in a dazzling fare-

well for the night. The girl laid a trembling hand on Jerry's arm.

"Please," she begged, and he turned his head now to look full at her face, illumined in the white moonlight. "My God!" he cried out sharply. "Who are you?"

(Continued next week)

## Procuring "Props"

If you ever get a brand new job procuring the "props" for a property man, see to it that you haven't had any of the stuff out of your hip pocket—or elsewhere. Otherwise you'll think you're seeing things when you look at the list the property man hands you.

This is a list of "props" requisitioned from the Goldwyn art department one day—you'd never credit an art department with these supplies. But here they are:

- One picked chicken, with a few feathers left.
- One flashy, striped Ford.
- House flies and cobwebs.
- Baggage—Turkish, Hindu, Greek, Dutch, and Russian.
- Four beef shin bones. One rib—no meat on it.
- One Irish bagpipe.
- One monkey to pick fleas from a dog.
- One string of garlic; three pounds of liver.
- Five loaves of mildewed bread.
- Soap bubbles. Must be at least two feet in diameter.
- One dead cat.

## Where to Find Your Favorite

Helen Ferguson and Bryant Washburn are finishing work in Goldwyn's "Hungry Hearts."

\* \* \*

Lon Chaney has recently finished portraying a dual role in Goldwyn's "Blind Bargain," formerly titled "The Octave of Claudius." Jacqueline Logan and Raymond McKee are among the supporting cast.

\* \* \*

Lee Moran, comedian, has left Universal to be his own boss and have his own producing unit with the Century Comedies Company.

\* \* \*

James Rennie, husband of Dorothy Gish, is playing opposite Helene Chadwick in Goldwyn's "The Dust Flower," a Basil King story. Mona Kingsley and Edward Peil are among the cast.

\* \* \*

Gareth Hughes' present starring picture for S-L is named "Adventures of a Ready Letter Writer." Bartine Burkett, a recent "find," is Gareth's leading woman.

\* \* \*

Universal's all-star production of Hal Reid's famous old play, "Hungry Hearts," is being directed by King Baggot. The strong cast includes House Peters, Russel Simpson, Mary Philbin, George Hackathorne, Gertrude Claire, Lucretia Harris and George West.

\* \* \*

Frank Mayo is in Arizona on location for desert scenes in Universal's "Slipper Tongue." Virginia Valli is playing opposite the star.

\* \* \*

Harry Carey has just finished his latest starring picture for Universal, "Man to Man." Lillian Rich was Carey's leading woman in this picture.

\* \* \*

The all-star cast for Paramount's "Is Matrimony a Failure?" includes T. Roy Barnes, Walter Hiers, Lila Lee, Lois Wilson, ZaSu Pitts, Sylvia Ashton, Otis Harlan, Lillian Leighton and Tully Marshall.

\* \* \*

Jack Mulhall is playing opposite Constance Binney in her current starring picture for Realart, and Edythe Chapman and Bertram Grassby are in supporting roles.

\* \* \*

Wanda Hawley's next picture for Realart will be an adaptation of a Saturday Evening Post story and will have a golfing theme.

\* \* \*

Bob Ellis is playing opposite Marie Prevost in her newest starring picture for Universal, unnamed as yet.



# THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

## "The Business of Life"

(Continued from page 10)

armchair and laughed until Jacqueline's unwilling smile began to glimmer in her wrath-darkened eyes.

"Don't torment me, Cynthia," she said. "You know quite well that it's a business matter with me entirely." "Was it a business matter with that Dawley man? You had to get me to go with you into that den of his whenever you went at all."

Jacqueline shrugged and resumed her knitting: "What a horrid thing he was," she murmured.

Cynthia assented philosophically: "But most men bother a girl sooner or later," she concluded. "You don't read about it in novels, but it's true. Go down town and take dictation for a living. It's an education in how to look out for yourself."

"It's a rotten state of things," said Jacqueline under her breath.

"Yes. It's funny, too. So many men are that way. What do they care? Do you suppose we'd be that way, too, if we were men?"

"No. There are nice men, too."

"Yes—dead ones."

"Nonsense!"

"With very few exceptions, Jacqueline. There are horrid, horrid ones, and nice, horrid ones, and dead ones and dead ones—but only a few nice ones. I've known some. You think your Mr. Desboro is one, don't you?"

"I haven't thought about him—"

"Honestly, Jacqueline?"

"I tell you I haven't! He's nice to me. That's all I know."

"Is he too nice?"

"No. Besides, he's under his own roof. And it depends on a girl, anyway."

"Not always. If we behave ourselves we're dead ones; if we don't we'd better be. Isn't it a rotten deal, Jacqueline! Just one fresh man after another dropped into the discard because he gets too gay. And being employed by the kind who'd never marry us spoils us for the others. You could marry one of your clients, I suppose, but I never could in a million years."

"You and I will never marry such men," said Jacqueline coolly. "Perhaps we wouldn't if they asked us."

"You might. You're educated and bright, and you look the part, with all the things you know—and your trips to Europe—and the kind of beauty yours is. Why not? If I were you," she added, "I'd kill a man who thought me good enough to hold hands with, but not good enough to marry."

"I don't hold hands," observed Jacqueline scornfully.

"I do. I've done it when it was all right; and I've done it when I had no business to; and the chances are I'll do it again without getting hurt. And then I'll finally marry the sort of man you call Ed," she added disgustedly.

Jacqueline laughed, and looked intently at her: "You're so pretty, Cynthia—and so silly sometimes."

Cynthia stretched her young figure full length in the chair, yawning and crooking both arms back under her curly brown head. Her eyes, too, were brown, and had in them always a half-veiled languor that few men could encounter undisturbed.

"A week ago," she said, "you told me over the telephone that you would be at the dance. I never laid eyes on you."

"I came home too tired. It was my first day at Silverwood. I overdid it, I suppose."

"Silverwood?"

"Where I go to business in Westchester," she explained patiently.

"Oh, Mr. Desboro's place!" with laughing malice.

"Yes, Mr. Desboro's place."

The hint of latent impatience in Jacqueline's voice was not lost on Cynthia; and she resumed her tormenting inquisition:

"How long is it going to take you to catalogue Mr. Desboro's collection?"

"I have several weeks' work. I think—I don't know exactly."

"All winter, perhaps?"

"Possibly."

"Read the Tattler, dearest."

Jacqueline was visibly annoyed: "He has happened to be, so far. I believe he is going South very soon—if that interests you."

"Phone me when he goes," retorted Cynthia, unbelievably.

"What makes you say such things!" exclaimed Jacqueline. "I tell you he isn't that kind of a man."

"Read the Tattler, dearest"

"I won't."

"Don't you ever read it?"

"No. Why should I?"

"Curiosity."

"I haven't any."

Cynthia laughed incredulously:

"People who have no curiosity are either idiots or they have already found out. Now, you are not an idiot."

Jacqueline smiled: "And I haven't found out, either."

"Then you're just as full of curiosity as the rest of us."

"Not of unworthy curiosity—"

"I never knew a good person who wasn't. I'm good, am I not, Jacqueline?"

"Of course."

"Well, then, I'm full of all kinds of curiosities—worthy and unworthy. I want to know about everything."

"Everything good."

"Good and bad, God lets both exist. I want to know about them."

"Why be curious about what is bad? It doesn't concern us."

"If you know what concerns you only, you'll never know anything. Now, when I read a newspaper I read about fashionable weddings, millionaires, shows, murders—I read everything—not because I'm going to be fashionably married, or become a millionaire or a murderer, but because all these things exist and happen, and I want to know all about them because I'm not an idiot, and I haven't already found out. And so that's why I buy the Tattler whenever I have five cents to spend on it!"

"It's a pity you're not more curious about things worth while," commented Jacqueline serenely.

Cynthia reddened: "Dear, I haven't the education or brain to be interested in the things that occupy you."

"I didn't mean that," protested Jacqueline, embarrassed. "I only—"

"I know, dear. You are too sweet to say it; but it's true. The bunch you play with knows it. We all realize that you are way ahead of us—that you're different—"

"Please don't say that—or think it."

"But it's true. You really belong with the others—" she made a gay little gesture—"over there in the Fifth Avenue district, where art gets gay with fashion; where lady highbrows wear tiaras; where the Jims and Jacks and Reggies float about and hand each other new ones between quarts; where you belong, darling—wherever you finally land!"

Jacqueline was laughing: "But I don't wish to land there! I never wanted to."

"All girls do! We all dream about it!"

"Here is one girl who really doesn't. Of course, I'd like to have a few friends of that kind. I'd rather like to visit houses where nobody has to think of money, and where young people are jolly, and educated, and dress well, and talk about interesting things—"

"Dear, we all would like it. That's what I'm saying. Only there's a chance for you because you know something—but none for us. We understand that perfectly well—and we dream on all the same. We'd miss a lot if we didn't dream."

Jacqueline said mockingly: "I'll invite you to my Fifth Avenue residence the minute I marry what you call a Reggie."

"I'll come if you'll stand for me. I'm not afraid of any Reggie in the bench show!"

They laughed; Cynthia stretched out a lazy hand for another chocolate; Jacqueline knitted, the smile still hovering on her scarlet lips.

Bending over her work, she said: "You won't misunderstand when I tell you how much I enjoy being at Silverwood, and how nice Mr. Desboro has been."

"Has been."

"Is, and surely will continue to be," insisted Jacqueline tranquilly. "Shall I tell you about Silverwood?"

Cynthia nodded.

"Well, then, Mr. Desboro has such a funny old housekeeper there, who gives me 'magic drops' on lumps of sugar. The drops are aromatic and harmless, so I take them to please her. And he has an old, old butler, who is too feeble to be very useful; and an old, old armorer, who comes once a week and potters about with a bit of chamois; and a parlor maid who is sixty and wears glasses; and a laundress still older. And a whole troop of dogs and cats come to luncheon with us. Sometimes the butler goes to sleep in the pantry, and Mr. Desboro and I sit and talk. And if he doesn't wake up, Mr. Desboro hunts about for somebody to wait on us. Of course there are other servants there, and farmers and gardeners, too. Mr. Desboro has a great deal of land. And so," she chattered on quite happily, "we go skating for half an hour after lunch before I resume my cataloguing. He skates very well we are learning to waltz on skates—"

"Who does the teaching?"

"He does. I don't skate very well; and unless it were for him I'd have such tumbles. And once we went cleighing—that is, he drove me to the station—in rather a roundabout way. And the country was so beautiful! And the stars—oh, millions and millions. Cynthia! It was as cold as the North Pole, but I loved it—and I had on his other fur coat and gloves. He is very nice to me. I wanted you to understand the sort of man he is."

"Perhaps he is the original hundredth man," remarked Cynthia skeptically.

"Most men are hundredth men when the nine and ninety girls behave themselves. It's the hundredth girl who makes the nine and ninety men horrid."

"That's what you believe, is it?"

"I do."

"Dream on, dear." She went to a glass, pinned her pretty hat, slipped into the smart fur coat that Jacqueline held for her, and began to draw on her gloves.

"Can't you stay to dinner," asked Jacqueline.

"Thank you, sweetness, but I'm dining at the Beaux Arts."

"With any people I know?"

"You don't know that particular 'people,'" said Cynthia, smiling, "but you know a friend of his."

"Who?"

"Mr. Desboro."

"Really!" she said, coloring.

Cynthia frowned at her: "Don't become sentimental over that young man!"

"No, of course not."

"Because I don't think he's very much good."

"He is—but I won't," explained Jacqueline laughing. "I know quite well how to take care of myself."

"Do you?"

"Yes; don't you?"

"I don't know."

"Cynthia! Of course you know!"

"Do I? Well, perhaps I do. Perhaps all girls know how to take care of themselves. But sometimes—espe-

cially when their home life is the limit—" She hesitated, slowly twisting a hairpin through the button-hole of one glove. Then she buttoned it decisively. "When things got so bad at home two years ago, and I went with that show—you didn't see it—you were in mourning—but it ran on Broadway all winter. And I met one or two Reggies at suppers, and another man—the same sort—only his name happened to be Jack—and I want to tell you it was hard work not to like him."

Jacqueline stood, slim and straight, and silent, listening unsmilingly.

Cynthia went on leisurely:

"He was a friend of Mr. Desboro—the same kind of man, I suppose. That's why I read the Tattler—to see what they say about him."

"Wh-what do they say?"

"Oh, things—funny sorts of things, about his being attentive to this girl, and being seen frequently with that girl. I don't know what they mean exactly—they always make it sound queer—as though all the men and women in society are fast. And this man, too—perhaps he is."

"But what do you care, dear?"

"Nothing. It was hard work not to like him. You don't understand how it was; you've always lived at home. But home was hell for me and I was getting fifteen per; and it grew horribly cold that winter. I had no fire. Besides—it was so hard not to like him. I used to come to see you. Do you remember how I used to come here and cry?"

"I thought it was because you had been so unhappy at home."

"Partly. The rest was—the other thing."

"You did like him, then!"

"Not—too much."

"I understand that. But it's over now, isn't it?"

Cynthia stood idly turning her muff between her white-gloved hands.

"Oh, yes," she said, after a moment, "it's over. But I'm thinking how nearly over it was with me, once or twice that winter. I thought I knew how to take care of myself. But a girl never knows, Jacqueline. Cold, hunger, debt shabby clothes, are bad enough; loneliness is worse. Yet, these are not enough, by themselves. But if we like a man, with all that to worry over—then it's pretty hard on us."

"How could you care for a bad man?"

"Bad? Did I say he was? I meant he was like other men. A girl becomes accustomed to men."

"And likes them, notwithstanding?"

"Some of them. It depends. If you like a man, you seem to like him anyhow. You may get angry, too, and still like him. There's so much of the child in them. I've learned that. They're bad; but when you like one of them, he seems to belong to you, somehow—badness and all. I must be going, dear."

Still, neither moved; Cynthia idly twirled her muff; Jacqueline, her slender hands clasped behind her, stood gazing silently at the floor.

Cynthia said: "That's the trouble with us all. I'm afraid you like this man, Desboro. I tell you that he isn't much good; but if you already like him, you'll go on liking him, no matter what I say or what he does. For it's that way with us, Jacqueline. And where in the world would men find a living soul to excuse them if it were not for us? That seems to be about all we're for—to forgive men what they are—and what they do."

"I don't forgive them," said Jacqueline fiercely; "—or women, either."

"Oh, nobody forgives women! But you will find excuses for some man some day—if you like him. I guess even the best of them require it. But the general run of them have got to have excuses made for them, or no woman would stand for her own honeymoon, and marriages would last about a week. Good-bye, dear."

They kissed.

At the head of the stairs outside, Jacqueline kissed her again.

"How is the play going?" she inquired.

"Oh, it's going."

"Is there any chance for you to get a better part?"

"No chance I care to take. Max Schindler is like all the rest of them."

Jacqueline's features betrayed her wonder and disgust, but she said nothing and presently Cynthia turned and started down the stairs.

"Good-night, dear," she called back, with a gay little flourish of her muff. "They're all alike—only we always forgive the one we care for!"



ON Monday, Desboro waited all the morning for her, meeting every train. At noon, she had not arrived. Finally, he called up her office and was informed that Miss Nevers had been detained in town on business, and that their Mr. Kirk had telephoned him that morning to that effect.

He asked to speak to Miss Nevers personally; she had gone out, it appeared, and might not return until the middle of the afternoon.

So Desboro went home in his car and summoned Farris, the aged butler, who was pottering about in the greenhouses, which he much preferred to attending to his own business.

"Did anybody telephone this morning?" asked the master.

Farris had forgotten to mention it—was very sorry—and stood like an aged hound, head partly lowered and averted, already blinking under the awaited reprimand. But all Desboro said was:

"Don't do it again, Farris; there are some thing I won't overlook."

He sat for a while in the library where a sheaf of her notes lay on the table beside a pile of books—Grenville, Vanderdyne, Herrara's splendid folios—just as she had left them on Saturday afternoon for the long, happy sleigh-ride that ended just in time for him to swing her aboard her train.

He had plenty to do beside sitting there with keen, gray eyes fixed on the pile of manuscript she had left unfinished; he always had plenty to do, and seldom did it.

His first impulse had been to go to town. Her absence was making the place irksome. He went to the long windows and stood there hands in his pockets, smoking and looking out over the familiar landscape—



a rolling country, white with snow, naked branches glittering with ice under the gilded blue of a cloudless sky, and to the north and west, low, wooded mountains—really nothing more than hills, but impressively steep and blue in the distance.

A woodpecker, one of the few feathered winter residents, flickered through the trees, flashed past, and clung to an oak, sticking motionless to the bark for a minute or two, bright eyes inspecting Desboro, before beginning a rapid, jerky exploration for sustenance.

The master of Silverwood watched him, then, hands driven deeper into his pockets, strolled away, glancing aimlessly at familiar objects—the stiff and rather picturesque portraits of his grandparents in the dress of 1820; the atrocious portraits of his parents in the awful costume of 1870; his own portrait, life size, mounted on a pony.

He stood looking at the funny little boy, with the half contemptuous, half curious interest which a man in the pride of his strength and youth sometimes feels for the absurdly clothed innocence of what he was. And, as usual when noticing the picture, he made a slight, involuntary effort to comprehend that he had been once like that; and could not.

At the end of the library, better portraits hung—his great-grandmother, by Gilbert Stuart, still fresh-colored and clear under the dim yellow varnish which veiled but could not wither the delicate complexion and ardent mouth, and the pink rosebud set where the folds of her white kerchief crossed on her breast.

And there was her husband, too, by an unknown or forgotten painter—the sturdy member of the Provincial Assembly, and major in Colonel Thomas's Westchester Regiment—a fine old fellow in his queue-ribbon and powdered hair standing in the conventional fortress port-hole, framed by it, and looking straight out of the picture with eyes so much like Desboro's that it amused people. His easy attitude, too, the idle grace of the posture, irresistibly recalled Desboro, and at the moment more than ever. But he had been a man of vigor and of wit and action; and he was lying out there in the snow, under an old brown headstone embellished with cherubim; and the last of his name lounged here, in sight, from the windows, of the spot where the first house of Desboro in America had stood, and had collapsed amid the flames started by Tarleton's blood-maddened troopers.

To and fro sauntered Desboro, passing, unnoticed, old-time framed engravings of the Desboros in Charles the Second's time, elegant, idle, handsome men in periwigs and half armor—and all looking out at the world through port-holes with a hint of the race's bodily grace in their half insolent attitudes.

But office and preferment, peace and war, intrigue and plot, vigor and idleness, had narrowed down through the generations into a last inheritance for this young man; and the very last of all the Desboro's now idled aimlessly among the phantoms of a race that perhaps had better be extinguished.

He could not make up his mind to go to town or to remain in the vague hope that she might come in the afternoon.

He had plenty to do—if he could make up his mind to begin—accounts to go over, household expenses, farm expenses, stable reports, agents' memoranda concerning tenants and leases, endless lists of necessary repairs. And there was business concerning the estate neglected, taxes, loans, improvements to attend to—the thousand and one details which irritated him to consider; but which, although he maintained an agent in town, must ultimately come to himself for the final verdict.

What he wanted was to be rid of it all—sell everything, pension his father's servants, and be rid of the entire complex business which, he pretended to himself, was slowly ruining him. But he knew in his heart where the trouble lay, and that the carelessness, extravagance, the impatient and good-humored aversion to economy, the profound distaste for financial detail, were steadily wrecking one of the best and one of the last old-time Westchester estates.

In his heart he knew, too, that all he wanted was to concentrate sufficient capital to give him the income he thought he needed.

No man ever had the income he thought he needed. And why Desboro required it, he himself didn't know exactly; but he wanted sufficient to keep him comfortable—enough so that he could feel he might do anything he chose, when, how, and where he chose, without fear or care for the future. And no man ever lived to enjoy such a state of mind, or to do these things with impunity.

But Desboro's mind was bent on it; he seated himself at the library table and began to figure it out. Land in Westchester brought high prices—not exactly in that section, but near enough to make his acreage valuable. Then, the house, stable, garage, greenhouses, the three farms, barns, cattle houses, water supply, the timber, power sites, meadow, pasture—all these ought to make a pretty figure. And he jotted it down for the hundredth time in the last two years.

Then there was the Desboro collection. That ought to bring—

He hesitated, his pencil finally fell on the table, rolled to the edge and dropped; and he sat thinking of Jacqueline Nevers, and of the week that had ended as the lights of her train faded far away into the winter night.

He sat so still and so long that old Farris came twice to announce luncheon. After a silent meal in company with the dogs and cats of low degree, he lighted a cigarette and went back into the library to resume his meditations.

Whatever they were, they ceased abruptly whenever the distant telephone rang, and he waited almost breathlessly for somebody to come and say that he was wanted on the wire. But the messages must have been to the cook or butler, from butcher, baker, and gentlemen of similar professions, for nobody disturbed him, and he was left free to sink back into the leather corner of the lounge and continue his meditations. Once the furtive apparition of Mrs. Quant disturbed him, hovering ominously at the library door, bearing tumbler and spoon.

"I won't take it," he said decisively.

There was a silence, then:

"Isn't the young lady coming, Mr. James?"

"I don't know. No, probably not to-day."

"Is—is the child sick?" she stammered.

"No, of course not. I expect she'll be here in the morning."

She was not there in the morning. Mr. Mirk, the little old salesman in the silk skull-cap, telephoned to Farris that Miss Nevers was again detained in town on business at Mr. Clydesdale's and that she might employ a Mr. Sissy to continue her work at Silverwood, if Mr. Desboro did not object. Mr. Desboro was to call her up at three o'clock if he desired further information.

Desboro went into the library and sat down. For a while his idle reflections, uncontrolled, wandered around the main issue, errant satellites circling a central thought which was slowly emerging from chaos and taking definite weight and shape. And the thought was of Jacqueline Nevers.

Why was he waiting here until noon to talk to this girl? Why was he here at all? Why had he not gone South with the others? A passing fancy might be enough to arouse his curiosity; but why did not the fancy pass? What did he want to say to her? What did he want of her? Why was he spending time thinking about her—disarranging his routine and habits to be here when she came? What did he want of her? She was agreeable to talk to, interesting to watch, pretty, attractive. Did he want her friendship? To what end? He'd never see her anywhere unless he sought her out; he would never meet her in any circle to which he had been accustomed, respectable or otherwise. Besides, for conversation he preferred men to women.

What did he want with her or her friendship—or her blue eyes and bright hair—or the slim, girlish grace of her? What was there to do? How many more weeks did he intend to idle about at her heels, follow her, look at her, converse with her, make a habit of her until, now, he found that to suddenly break the habit of only a week's indulgence was annoying him!

And suppose the habit were to grow. Into what would it grow? And how unpleasant would it be to break when, in the natural course of events, circumstances made the habit inconvenient?

And, always, the main, central thought was growing, persisting. What did he want of her? He was not in love with her any more than he was always lightly in love with feminine beauty. Besides, if he were, what would it mean? Another affair, with all its initial charm and gaiety, its moments of frivolity, its moments of seriousness, its sudden crisis, its combats, perplexities, irresolution, the faint thrill of its deeper significance startling both to clearer vision, and then the end, whatever it might be, light or solemn, gay or sombre, for one or the other.

What did he want? Did he wish to disturb her tranquility? Was he trying to awaken her to some response? And what did he offer her to respond to? The flattery of his meaningless attentions, or the honor of falling in love with a Desboro, whose left hand only would be offered to support both slim white hands of hers?

He ought to have gone South, and he knew it, now. Last week he had told himself—and her occasionally—that he was going South in a week. And here he was, his head on his hands and his elbows on the table, looking vacantly at the pile of manuscript she had left there, and thinking of the things that should not happen to them both.

And who the devil was this fellow Sissy? Why had she suddenly changed her mind and suggested a creature named Sissy? Why didn't she finish the cataloguing herself? She had been enthusiastic about it. Besides, she had enjoyed the skating and sleighing, and the luncheons and teas, and the cats and dogs—and even Mrs. Quant. She had said so, too. And now she was too busy to come any more.

Had he done anything? Had he been remiss, or had he ventured too many attentions? He couldn't recall having done anything except to show her plainly enough that he enjoyed being with her. Nor had she concealed her bright pleasure in his companionship. And they had become such good comrades, under standing each other's moods so instinctively now—and they had really found such unfeigned amusement in each other that it seemed a pity—a pity—

"Damn it," he said, "if she cares no more about it than that, she can send Sissy, and I'll go South!"

But the impatience of hurt vanity died away; the desire to see her grew; the habit of a single week was already unpleasant to break. And it would be unpleasant to try to forget her, even among his own friends, even in the South, or in drawing-rooms, or at the opera, or at dances, or in any of his haunts and in any sort of company.

He might forget her if he had only known her better, discovered more of her real self, unveiled a little of her deeper nature. There was so much unexplored—so much that interested him, mainly, perhaps, because he had not discovered it. For there had been the lightest and gayest of friendships, with nothing visible to threaten a deeper entente; merely, on her part, a happy enjoyment and a laughing parrying in the eternal combat that never entirely ends, even when it means nothing. And on his side it had been the effortless attentions of a man aware of her young and unspoiled charm—conscious of an unusual situation which always fascinates all men.

He had had no intention, no idea, no policy except to drift as far as the tides of destiny carried him in her company. The situation was agreeable; if it became less so, he could take to the oars and row where he liked.

But the tides had carried him to the edge of waters less clear; he was vaguely aware of it now, aware, too, that troubled seas lay somewhere behind the veil.

The library clock struck three times. He got up and went to the telephone booth. Miss Nevers was there; would speak to him if he could wait a moment. He waited. Finally, a far voice called, greeting him pleasantly, and explaining that matters which antedated her business at Silverwood had demanded her personal attention in town. To his request for particulars, she said that she had work to do among the jades and Chinese porcelains belonging to a Mr. Clydesdale.

"I know him," said Desboro curtly. "When do you finish?"

"I have finished for the present. Later there is further work to be done at Mr. Clydesdale's. I had

to make certain arrangements before I went to you—being already under contract to Mr. Clydesdale, and at his service when he wanted me."

There was a silence. Then he asked her when she was coming to Silverwood.

"Did you not receive my message?" she asked.

"About—what's his name? Sissy? Yes, I did, but I don't want him. I want you or nobody!"

"You are unreasonable, Mr. Desboro. Lionel Sissy is a very celebrated connoisseur."

"Don't you want to come?"

"I have so many matters here—"

"Don't you want to?" he persisted.

"Why, of course, I'd like to. It is most interesting work. But Mr. Sissy—"

"Oh, hang Mr. Sissy! Do you suppose he interests me? You said that this work might take you weeks. You said you loved it. You apparently expected to be busy with it until it was finished. Now, you propose to send a man called Sissy! Why?"

"Don't you know that I have other things—"

"What have I done, Miss Nevers?"

"I don't understand you."

"What have I done to drive you away?"

"How absurd! Nothing! And you've been so kind to me—"

"You've been kind to me. Why are you no longer?"

"I—it's a question of business—matters which demand—"

"Will you come once more?"

No reply.

"Will you?" he repeated.

"Is there any reason—"

"Yes."

Another pause, then:

"Yes, I'll come—if there's a reason—"

"When?"

"To-morrow?"

"Do you promise?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll meet you as usual."

"Thank you."

He said: "How is your skating jacket coming along?"

"I have—stopped work on it."

"Why?"

"I do not expect to—have time—for skating."

"Didn't you ever expect to come up here again?"

he asked with a slight shiver.

"I thought that Mr. Sissy could do what was necessary."

"Didn't it occur to you that you were ending a friendship rather abruptly?"

She was silent.

"Don't you think it was a trifle brusque, Miss Nevers?"

"Does the acquaintanceship of a week count so much with you, Mr. Desboro?"

"You know it does."

"No. I did not know it. If I had supposed so, I would have written you a polite letter regretting that I could no longer personally attend to the business in hand."

"Doesn't it count at all with you?" he asked.

"What?"

"Our friendship."

"Our acquaintanceship of a single week? Why, yes. I remember it with pleasure—your kindness, and Mrs. Quant's—"

"How on earth can you talk to me that way?"

"I don't understand you."

"Then I'll say, bluntly, that it meant a lot to me, and that the place is intolerable when you're not here. That is specific, isn't it?"

"Very. You mean that, being accustomed to having somebody to amuse you, your own resources are insufficient."

"Are you serious?"

"Perfectly. That is why you are kind enough to miss my coming and going—because I amuse you."

"Do you think that way about me?"

"I do when I think of you. You know sometimes I'm thinking of other things, too, Mr. Desboro."

He bit his lip, waited for a moment, then:

"If you feel that way, you'll scarcely care to come up to-morrow. Whatever arrangement you make about cataloguing the collection will be all right. If I am not here, communications addressed to the Olympian Club will be forwarded—"

"Mr. Desboro!"

"Yes?"

"Forgive me—won't you?"

There was a moment's interval, fraught heavily with the possibilities of Chance, then the silent currents of Fate flowed on toward her appointed destiny and his—whatever it was to be, wherever, it lay, behind the unstirring, inviolable veil.

"Have you forgiven me?"

"And you me?" he asked.

"I have nothing to forgive truly, I haven't. Why did you think I had? Because I have been talking flippantly? You have been so uniformly considerate and kind to me—you must know that it was nothing you said or did that made me think—wonder—whether—perhaps—"

"What?" he insisted. But she declined further explanation in a voice so different, so much gayer and happier than it had sounded before, that he was content to let matters rest—perhaps dimly surmising something approaching the truth.

She, too, noticed the difference in his voice as he said:

"Then may I have the car there as usual to-morrow morning?"

"Please."

He drew an unconscious sigh of relief. She said something more that he could scarcely hear, so low and distant sounded her voice, and he asked her to repeat it.

"I only said that I would be happy to go back," came the far voice.

Quick, unconsidered words trembled on his lips for utterance; perhaps fear of undoing what had been done restrained him.

"Not as happy as I will be to see you," he said, with an effort.

"Thank you. Good-bye, Mr. Desboro."

"Good-bye."

(Continued next week)





# Bucking into the Movies

MR. H. O. POTTS,  
Hog Run, Ky.

Dear Maw and Folks:—

Yours of the 13th instinet received *per se*, as the Portugese so quaintly phrase it, and was sure glad to get it, inasmuch as I need cheering up this evening about as bad as Paderewski needs a hair-cut. Because I had a job this morning which eventually ended in a catastrophe more violent even than usual.

The scene of action was for a Cecil de Mille picture down on the Lasky lot and, consequently, the "set" we worked in was an excellent imitation of the average Easterner's idea of Hollywood on a quiet Saturday night, which is to say that it was composed of equal parts of women, confetti and alleged wine. Confetti, Maw, is not an Italian salad dressing, which it sounds like, but is a form of granulated and

Hollywood, 1922.

Because in the first place the spring-board had apparently gained about ten feet in altitude all of a sudden, and in the second place the pool looked so darned small from that dizzy height that I had serious doubts where I would be able to hit the blooming thing at all. Honest, Maw, I felt like some idiot trying to dive from the fiftieth floor of the Woolworth Building into a quart tin-cup!

But the thing that worried me the most was the spring-board itself. It wouldn't have been so bad if the pesky thing had been fastened on both ends, but it wasn't. One end swung entirely free to follow its own sweet will and, as that happened to be the end that I was standing on, complications began to develop very pronto. Because the more the board trembled beneath me the more my knees shook, and the more my knees shook the more the board quivered. The consequence was that in less than two minutes I was giving an excellent impersonation of the business section of an electric vibrator.

"All right!" yelled the Director finally. "Why the delay, sister? You're not cast as 'Living Statuary,' or anything like that, you know. Come on—snap out of it and jump!"

As far as jumping was concerned, I never wanted to do anything less in all my life, but the camera was clicking and I've learned by now not to argue with a director. So I made a frenzied effort to recall one of the dives I had seen Annette pull in that one-reeler. But the only stunt of the whole bunch that I could think of at the moment was one which consisted of the candidate turning over one and a half times in mid-air, and then straightening out gracefully and entering the water head first.

It seemed rather involved for the maiden effort of a strictly amateur diver, but it was either that or nothing, so I selected an auspicious moment between the vibrations of the board, took a long breath, closed my eyes, and took off. I turned over in the air all right, but I must of put too much effort in it or something because, instead of straightening out then like I wanted to, I kept right on rotating around an invisible axis like a loosed pin-wheel.

If it hadn't have been for the force of gravity and the surface of the water, I'd very probably have been turning over yet. I'll probably never know what part of me it was hit the water first, but I do know that it wasn't my head. I heard an awful crash like a dynamite factory letting go, then my mind and reasoning powers both departed from me simultaneously.

When I come to again, I was flat on my back at the edge of the pool, with a couple of hombres pump-



"Half the guests were in bathing suits and half in evening dress."

shredded tissue paper which in all scenes depicting parties in high life is thrown promiscuously about through the air in order to give the desired frivolous and immoral effect.

Well, anyway, it was supposed to be a Hallowe'en party and the scenery was accordingly very liberally decorated with various and numerous rampant black cats, papier mache pumpkins, and demoralized witches straddling broom-sticks. For, you see, there is a slight difference, folks, in the ways in which Hog Run and Society celebrates Hallowe'en.

In Hog Run, for instance, the occasion is usually celebrated by an evening of organized destruction, winding up by placing Ursulus Higgins' front gate in a reclining position on the steeple of the Methodist Church. But in Society they do it a little differently; they make a social affair out of it, and the only damage resulting is to the morale of the guests, the extent of this damage being in direct proportion to the length of the party.

A Cecil de Mille picture would be as incomplete without an indoor swimming-pool parked somewhere in the scenery as a Bill Hart production would without a pair of prominently featured six-guns, and this set was no exception. It contained in the center a marble-lined pool with a velvet covered spring-board and, consequently, half the guests was in bathing suits and half in evening dress. In the case of the men it wasn't so hard to make a distinction, but when it come to the women's costumes about the only difference apparent to the naked eye was that the evening dress comprised a set of shoes and stocking, while the bathing outfits didn't.

Well, anyway, I was elected one of the bathing-suit division, and it was my Mack Sennett outfit which shortly afterward was to lead to my downfall, so to speak. Because when the Director called for a candidate to stage a little diving exhibition for the first scene in the morning's work, like an idiot I volunteered. My entire previous knowledge of the aquatic arts was confined to a fairly extensive experience in a bath-tub, and witnessing a one-reel exhibition by Annette Kellerman once, but I figured that the stunt shouldn't be so gosh-awful hard to get away with if one only had a little nerve and luck.

As far as I could see, it was a very simple sort of a proposition,—all you had to do was just separate yourself from the spring-board and, if you left the board in the right general direction, you couldn't possibly help but arrive in the water a very short time thereafter,—and that was about all there was to it. Personally, I thought that the difficulties of the thing, like Mark Twain's death and G. Carpentier's fighting ability, had been very much exaggerated.

But, the minute I climb up on that blooming spring-board, I knew that I had made an awful mistake.



"I'll probably never know what part of me hit first."

ing my arms up and down like they thought I was a hand-car or something, and the first thing that I heard was the Director asking for another volunteer to do the diving stunt over again.

"What's the grand idea?" I queried indignantly, sitting up unassisted to the obvious disgust of the First Aid practioners, "didn't I do it all right?"

The Director swung a look in my direction which was so mean that it would have curdled milk. "Miss Potts," he warbled in a tone of voice which matched the look, "you might be a raving success as the star in an educational reel showing the hippopotamus in Central Park Zoo taking a bath, but as a graceful diver, your only competitor is a depth-bomb!"

Which I guess will be all for this time, only I am going over to the Hollywood Public Library now and look up "hippopotamus" and "depth-bomb" in the dictionary, and if that Director meant what I think he did, then there is going to be a violent casualty among the Lasky forces to-morrow morning.

Your loving daughter, resp'y yours,

SOPHIE POTTS,

Via HAL WELLS.

# MOVIE WEEKLY Screen Dictionary



"Movie Weekly" presents to its readers the following dictionary of special terms which have developed with the growth of the screen industry. This dictionary includes words and phrases which apply to everything from the writing of the script to the projection of the completed film on the theatre screen. Clip the instalments and save them, they will enable you to obtain a more complete understanding of the technique of motion picture production.

K

**Kill**—To remove. "To kill a chair" means to remove it from the scene.

**Knock-out**—An unusually good photoplay.

**Klieg-eye**—Temporary blindness due to exposure of the eyes to the powerful Klieg lights.

L

**Lot**—Studio.

**Location**—Any place used for scenic background which is not in the studio.

**Lab**—Laboratory.

**Leader**—Blank negative attached to the beginning of each reel of film.

M

**Mugging**—To overdo facial expression.

**Middle distance**—Shooting a scene halfway between a close-up and a long shot.

**Mob scene**—Scene in which more than half a dozen extras are used.

P

**Props**—The property man, or his properties.

**Panning the camera**—To "panorama" the camera, or turn it sideways while it is being cranked, thus taking in several parts of a scene in succession.

**Press book**—Literature supplied to exhibitor which he uses to exploit a film.

**Program picture**—An ordinary feature film.

**Prints**—Copies of a film from the original negative.

R

**Patch**—To put together parts of a film.

**Rushes**—First prints of scenes, rushed out after the day's work.

**Reverse cranking**—Reversing a scene by turning the crank the wrong way.

**Riot**—A very successful picture.

S

**Shooting a scene**—To photograph a scene.

**Set**—A replica of the surroundings in which the action of a story takes place. It may be the corner of a room or a specially built mansion or street.

**Striking a set**—To tear a set down.

**Screen credit**—Mention of one's name on the screen.

**Scratch titles**—Typewritten titles inserted for convenience of the editor before art titles are made.

(To be continued.)



# Secrets of Success in Love, Courtship and Marriage

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# Charlie Chaplin —A soul tragedy

(Continued from page 7)

throne for a long time in the moving picture world. Men of the stamp of Griffith, men with vision, will always be welcomed by the picture people. I would rather spend many hours with the hard workers of Hollywood, who have ideas of their own manufacture, than months with some of the complacent millionaires of New York, who sit about fairly dripping with Standard Oil, having no real knowledge of any form of art. It makes me perfectly wild, the way they sniff in a superior manner at the very word 'movies'!

Mrs. Sheridan stood aside, viewing the inanimate face before her. The soft light centered upon her and the well-wrought work of her hands. Behind, on pedestals were the busts of Lenine and Trotsky, both of whom were her subjects in Moscow last year. Somehow, they seemed to disapprove of the great Charles... So much for their sense of humor! (According to Mrs. Sheridan, Russia boasts no moving picture "palaces!")

"Engaged to Charlie Chaplin!" Her mood again changed. She became naively confidential. "I admit I should have been glad to marry Trotsky had he not already boasted a wife! But Charlie—" Suddenly she turned, her tone thoughtful, with something of the prophetic filling it. "Mark what I say... Some day this stupendous comedian will face about into the stupendous tragedian! For the pendulum of such an art as his must of necessity swing both ways!"

# The Colorful Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Life

(Continued from page 8)

Such a group of men there was at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, of which Taylor was a member.

But, even though this coterie could consider themselves as the film director's intimate friends, there was none in the crowd who received his fullest confidence, particularly in the matter of his erstwhile marriage some years ago in New York.

But these men—all of them in their late thirties and early forties—remember the day, during the war, when Taylor entered their midst announcing that he had enlisted in the Canadian forces.

It was the war that offered the supreme test of Taylor's physical and moral calibre. He, being well over the age limit, had every claim to exemption. Instead, however, he maintained a specified contempt for various younger men who were frantically trying to dodge service, and it was, hence, not a great surprise to his friends when he announced his enlistment as a private.

But there was one of his associates, a kindly, motherly woman, Mrs. Julia Crawford Ivers, his scenarist for years, who could offer a plausible reason why he should not undertake the hardships of war. Woman-like, Mrs. Ivers for months had been ministering to Taylor's stomach

trouble, from which he had been a sufferer for years. At the studio she had a miniature kitchenette installed in her office, and would daily prepare the director's lunch for him and give him a menu of viands that he could eat digestibly.

And it was because she feared a return of the stomach affliction that she did not want him to go to war, but he went and suffered agonizingly.

The war—his last great adventure—left its impress upon him. He was sufficiently mature to realize the full significance of its heart-crushing suffering. Yet he was young enough to be an optimist after it was over. And, in the eternal struggle, he had progressed as singularly as he had progressed as a private citizen, for while the beginning had seen him as a "buck" private with the British Fusiliers, the armistice saw him ranked as a lieutenant.

And it was not until after the war that Taylor really accomplished his best work on the screen. "The Furnace," "The Witching Hour," "The Soul of Youth," stand out as being truly great pictures and proclaim their producer as being not merely a man with a megaphone, but as an inspired figure in the midst of a great art.

And it was because the film industry knew Taylor and respected him—because they readily epitomized his life and his success—that the mourners at his bier were legion. There is no one in the motion picture industry who will ever speak unkindly of his memory, and his name stands respected and beloved as that of a gentleman, a friend, a scholar—and a true artist.

# —and they lived happily ever after

(Continued from page 4)

conversation is perhaps a trifle brighter, and you hear more talk of stage and cinema than elsewhere, but otherwise it is the normal, healthy confab of any American household.

The sentiment which surrounds some of the family dinners and parties is just as real as that in any home. In the Pickford household, for example, every birthday is a festive occasion. No member of the family would think of missing the celebration. Christmas and the other festivals are equally observed. And this is not true only for the Pickfords, but for most of the other film families throughout Hollywood.

Of course, there is a spectacular interest in the doings of film stars, their presence at the cafes and the various resorts which many of them frequent, the way they dance and, in general, how they conduct themselves. They are in the public eye more than any other people, because each and every one is known to many people through his or her screen presence.

As soon as a prominent film star appears in a theatre box, all the opera glasses in the house are immediately fastened on the occupants of that box. There is a buzz-buzz of conversation and details professional and intimate are whispered from person to person and echoed from row to row.

Picture people are consequently always under a magnifying glass in their actions. What they do and say, how they behave, whom they are engaged or married to, and other facts, intimate and personal, are recounted from lip to lip, and picked up and repeated in the news column of dozens of different publications.

Whether you live in Halifax or on the Rio Grande, in Portland, Maine or Portland, Oregon, you, as well as everyone else who is interested in the movies, know pretty much about the lives of your stars, as they are probed via fact and fancy. You have, in many instances, perhaps, come to know them too well, and have lost your interest in what they are doing by becoming too much interested in what they are. Familiarity always breeds a certain amount of contempt.

There was a time when publicity was shunned by the pictures. Such things as write-ups for the film star were unheard of. I don't say that we're coming to that state again. Hardly. But I do believe that every effort will be made to eliminate scandal on the one hand and slush on the other, so that you will have some sort of accurate perspective on what your favorite star is like, and what he is doing professionally that is worth while. And those hangers-on, who don't uphold the higher ideals of the profession, won't receive so much attention as formerly.

## STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

of "MOVIE WEEKLY," published weekly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1922.

State of New York } ss.  
County of N. Y. }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared O. J. Elder, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the "MOVIE WEEKLY," and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, PHYSICAL CULTURE CORPORATION, 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.; Editor, DOROTHEA B. HERZOG, 602 West 137th Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, W. H. CAMPBELL, Freeport, Long Island; Business Manager, O. J. ELDER, 95 Harrison Street, East Orange, N. J.

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## The Life Story of Dick Barthelmess

(Continued from page 15)

too. "But I haven't the time, and besides I am afraid I'd be tempted to tell too much of the truth if I wrote anything. I am kept very busy nowadays reading scripts, looking for possible stories. I don't find much worth while stuff in this sort of reading; most of it is trash, but it occupies a good deal of my leisure time.

"I have just been elected to membership in 'The Coffee Club,' that literary organization which was formed a few years ago. Douglas Fairbanks and I are the only screen actors who are members, the rank and file of membership consisting of authors, artists, sculptors and the like."

Of the more popular, yet standard playwrights, Dick likes Barrie greatly. "I was never able to solve the meaning of 'Mary Rose,'" he says, "but it possessed an eerie quality that fascinated me. I find Shaw too wordy, nowadays. 'Back to Methusalem' was entirely worth seeing, but much of it was boring."

"I am afraid I shall have to take a course in public speaking soon. I have always talked informally, and have usually got away with it, but I have had numerous requests this winter for formal talks."

Up at the Biograph studio, where Dick works, a happy family enjoys the business of making pictures. Stardom has left Dick entirely unaffected. You don't have to force your way into the studio. Access is easy. And Dick has friends everywhere, from the lights crew up, up being Henry King, his director, who has done the best work of his long career with Dick.

Otherwise, Dick is still one of the boys. Mary Hay's hit in "Marjolaine" this season has kept his little wife busy, but she sees as much as possible of him during the afternoons when she is not playing, and dinner is always served at home, with Joseph, the Filipino man-servant, officiating. Friends drop in, Dick spends the evening reading or at the theatre, following the course of dramatic history on Broadway, and then to call for his wife, at the Broadhurst, where "Marjolaine" holds forth.

With summer coming, Dick may spend part of his time in the delightful cottage he owns at Harrison Beach, near Rye, on Long Island Sound. It was there that he spent his happy honeymoon days with Mary. Between pictures, he used to putter on a miniature golf course he had laid out near the cottage. There he would seek seclusion to study his next part, to read, and to maintain that intellectual life he began at college.

"I don't get much chance to play, anymore," is one of Dick's complaints. "I haven't played tennis in ages. My work is taking all my time. This summer I hope to do a special production, not a big spectacle, but something elaborate. Next winter, I plan to go south to make a couple of semi-tropical pictures.

And that might be Dick Barthelmess' motto: "Keep on living, even if you are a star."

## Here and There With the Movie Folks

"Can I 'shoot' the front of your display window?" asked Director Edward Sloman, who wanted to film the exterior of a pawn shop for a scene in "The Man Who Smiled."

The proprietor waved his hands in the air in distress.

"Vy pick on me?" he said fearfully, sure that the bandits had found him at last. "I'm a poor man with a family and anyhow I ain't got no plate glass insurance."

Theodore Kosloff, the famous Russian dancer, recently received a letter from his family in Petrograd. On it were two 1,000-ruble stamps. Three years ago these stamps would have been worth \$1,000, but now they are worth only a few cents.

If the telephone girls in this country ever go on strike *en masse*, we suggest that their places be at once filled from the ranks of those paragon who preside at switchboards in the movies. In ten years of photoplay attendance, we fail to recall a single instance wherein one of these super-efficient operators of the celluloid ever informed the hero that the "line's busy," or gave him seven wrong numbers in succession.

Anna Q. Nilsson feels that the railroad workers in Italy must have a personal grudge against her. "The Man From Home," in which she is playing a prominent part, is being produced in Italy, and that's "how come" this tale of woe. Miss Nilsson made a week-end trip from Naples to Rome, and just as she arrived the Italian railroad workers went on strike. And it cost the actress 1,150 liras to get back to Naples by automobile. Then as soon as she had returned the strike ended. Now she wonders if she doesn't deserve a strike benefit.

### Vera Gordon Working

Vera Gordon—you know her well—is working on a new Fannie Hurst story, at precisely the same studio and under precisely the same director as she made "Humoresque"—the International Studio and Director Borzage. The picture is called, temporarily, "The Good Provider," and was written especially for the "greatest mother of the screen."

Dore Davidson is back with Vera Gordon and so is little Miriam Battista, both of whom were in the "Humoresque" picture.

Jack Holt has become so far removed from his former villain roles that in his second Paramount star picture, "While Satan Sleeps," he plays the part of Parson Phil. He lives in a typical parsonage decorated by the parishioners with shells, a stuffed owl, embroidered mottoes, etc. And one girl presents him with a bible inscribed, "To our new pastor from one of the lambs of his flock."

That for an ex-villain!

California's bracing weather may be all very well for some folk, but Frank Hayes doesn't think much of it these days. Frank has a comic character role in Benjamin B. Hampton's production of "Wildfire," and his costume for the role is a bathing suit wrapped round with branches. Frank thinks he ought to be given a "Garden of Eden" to live in.

When Rupert Hughes was first persuaded to write scenarios, there was much speculation as to how deeply interested in motion pictures he would become. In connection with his first scenarios, Mr. Hughes acted in an advisory capacity on continuities and directing. He liked that. Then he wrote the scenario and the continuity as well. That was even better. Now, for "The Wall Flower," his latest photoplay, he has written the scenario and continuity and has directed the picture besides!

Maybe he will act in his next one. Who knows?

"If you can't keep the wolf from your door, at least you don't have to answer the bell. Let him stay out on the front porch and maybe he'll bite a couple of collectors."

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